

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,568

DECEMBER 16, 1899

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

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THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 16, 1899

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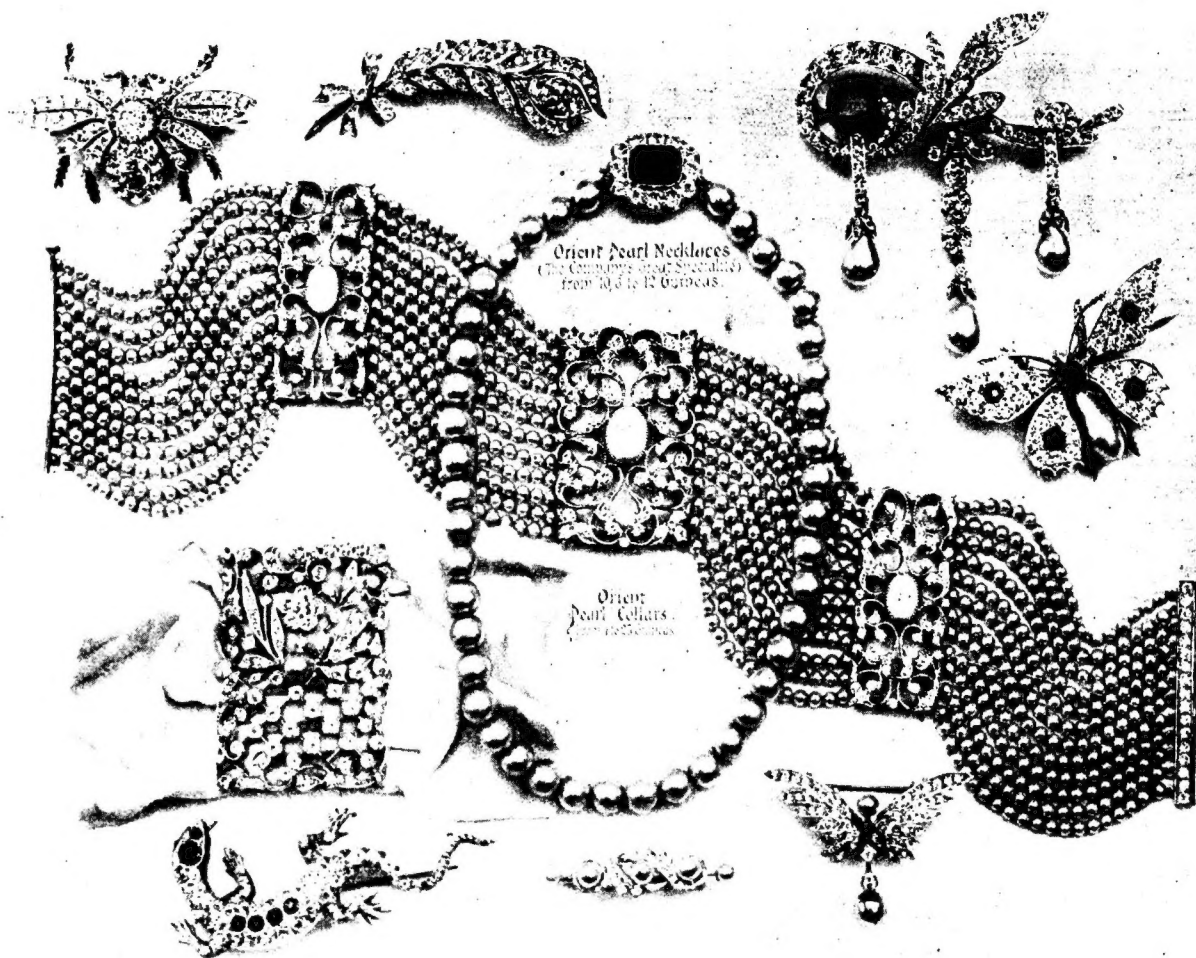
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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

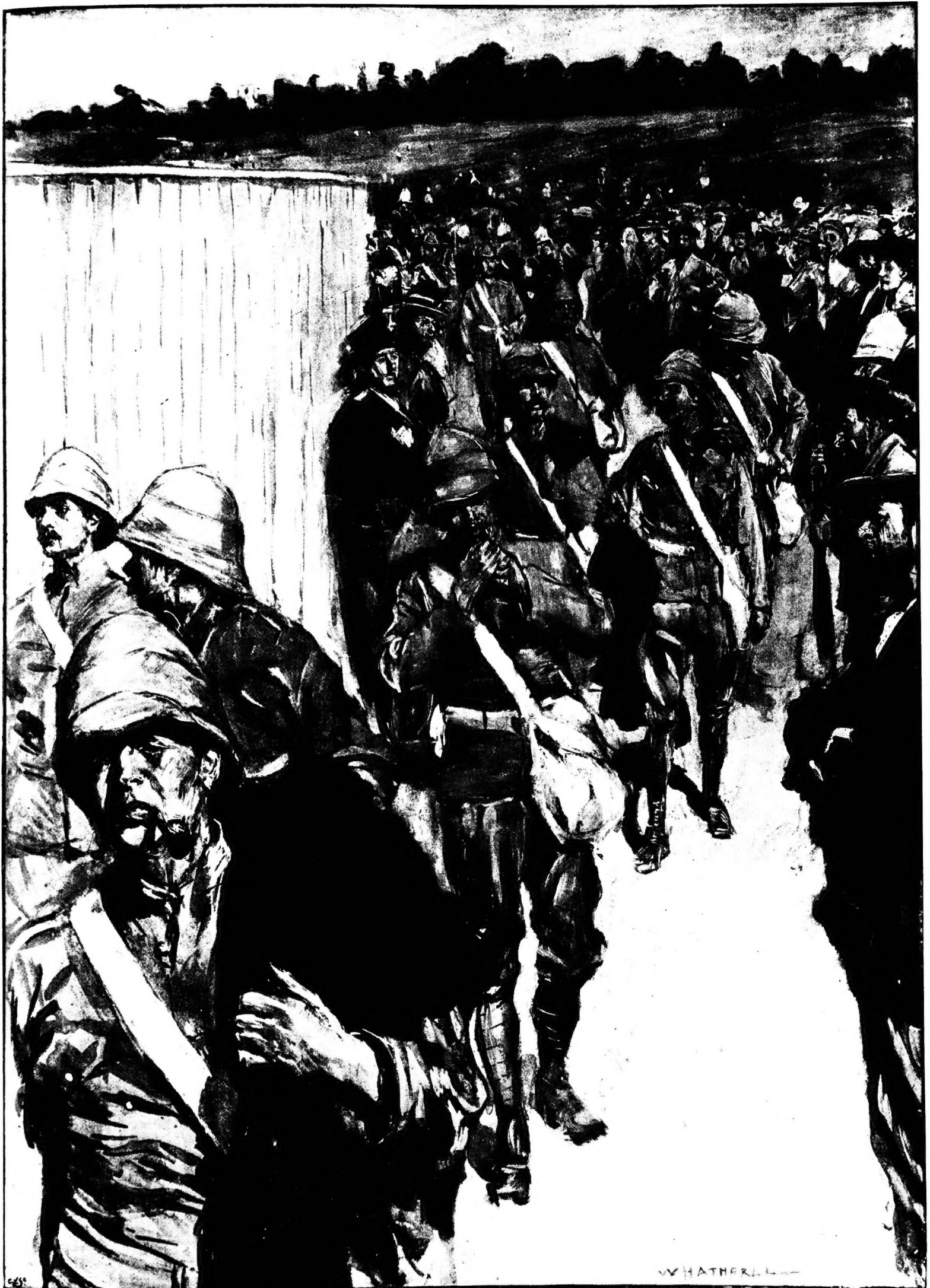
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DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. JEFFERY HILL

The men of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, made prisoners at Nicholson's Nek, were taken by train to Pretoria. From the station they were marched through the principal streets to the racecourse. Thousands of spectators lined the roads, but they did not follow

the prisoners to the racecourse. The men, most of whom carried their kit bags and overcoats, seemed to be well and to be making the best of their ill-fortune.

VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER AT NICHOLSON'S NEK: BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA

## Topics of the Week

**A** ALL public utterances dealing with the measures that will be necessary for a permanent pacification of South Africa, and for the consolidation of Imperial interests in that region when the war is over, have hitherto been limited to a consideration of desirable modifications of the political status of the Boer Republics. It is now becoming increasingly evident that the problem by which British statesmanship will be confronted will be far more complicated, and that it will not be confined to the region north of the Orange River. The disaster to General Gatacre's column at Stormberg has thrown into relief a serious factor in this problem, the gravity of which has hitherto been ignored. There can be little doubt that by the side of the Boer invasion there is already a considerable Dutch rebellion, and it is to be feared that unless some striking success attends the British arms within the next few days this rebellion will spread until it involves a very large proportion of the Dutch population. Should these fears be realised the problem will, indeed, be a serious one. To control the Dutch Republics would not be a very difficult matter so long as they were surrounded by colonies as loyal as they were powerful; but with these colonies themselves strongly tainted with disaffection, and consequently convulsed by a bitter race hatred, the task before us will be as difficult as one as has ever confronted us in our career of Imperial expansion. It is certain that the pacification will be slow. Apart from their natural tenacity of character, the disaffection of the Dutch is too ancient to be cured in a moment. The wrongs they suffered over sixty years ago at the blundering hands of Lord Glenelg have been nourished and magnified, not so much by fresh wrongs as by nationalist hopes which have been kept alive in their hearts by the success of the *Voortrekkers* in achieving their own political independence. The crushing of these hopes will not be soon forgotten, and if eventually this grievance is to be smoothed over, it will only be by a policy of great and consistent firmness, tact, and patience. Even then a generation, perhaps, will pass away before the loyalty of South Africa will cease to cause us anxiety. It may be said that this view is not justified by such historical precedents as the struggles of the French and British in Canada, and the Civil War in the United States. As a matter of fact these parallels are far from complete. When Lord Durham's statesmanship conciliated the French Canadians by the concession of self-government to our North American colonies the disaffected were already in a minority in the country. This is not the case in South Africa. There the Dutch are in a majority, and it is doubtful whether the advantage they thus enjoy will soon be wrested from them in view of the fact that agriculture as practised in South Africa does not attract the British colonist, while the industries which promote immigration are limited to gold and diamond mining, the stability of which no one can vouch for. As for the American Civil War, it had none of the peculiar elements which mark the struggle of British and Dutch in South Africa. The racial contrast was wanting, and although it is true that Jefferson Davis established an ephemeral State, he never "created a nation"—as Mr. Gladstone said of him—in the sense that Pretorius and his successors performed that feat. The task in which we are now engaged is practically the reconquest of an immense colony. When that has been accomplished it will be found that a second task of much greater magnitude and of exceptional delicacy awaits us in the conciliation of the majority of her people.

**Russia and Japan** No Power in the world stands in a more delicate and difficult position than Japan does just now. While compelled by masterful circumstances to continuously increase its armaments, both on sea and on land, the Government makes believe that it is intent on peace. Similarly it affects to regard Russia as a warm and trustworthy friend, although all the world knows that the struggle between them

for predominance in Korea has latterly acquired a dangerously acute character. There is a good deal of prudence in these diplomatic anodynes. Japan certainly desires peace, but it must be of such a nature as to tally with her growing commercial requirements. Intent on distinguishing themselves as the foremost manufacturing nation in the Far East, the Japanese are vitally concerned in maintaining the "open door" on the mainland. Otherwise their goods might be shut out from the nearest and most profitable markets, a loss which would tell severely on the teeming population of the insular kingdom. Hence, it is unavoidable that the Tokio Government should view that of St. Petersburg with deep suspicion, knowing well that hostile tariffs always form a part of the Cossack's baggage. At the same time it would be madness to provoke war with the Northern Colossus; Japan might get the better of it at sea, but Korea would assuredly be added to Manchuria as an appanage of the always-expanding Russian Empire. Thus placed between the anvil and the hammer, the Tokio Government does the best thing it can by steadily increasing its forces against the time when the inevitable disintegration of the Celestial Empire produces a passionate scramble among the Great Powers for the fragments. When that catastrophe occurs, there may be a better possibility than now exists for securing powerful help against a Power which, doubtless, would be only too glad to swallow the whole of China at one gulp.

## The Court

**THIS** week once again finds Her Majesty gathering her family round her on the anniversary of her great loss. The Prince and Princess of Wales were to go to Windsor on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Prince and Princess Christian were to join the Queen and the rest of the Royal party at the Frogmore Mausoleum for the annual Services in memory of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice. Many of the Royal Household and the Windsor people would visit the Mausoleum later, as it is specially left open on that day.

The presence of the Queen at the performance of *Elijah* in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, given in aid of the Soldiers and Sailor's Families Association, was another proof of Her Majesty's anxiety to assist any effort connected with the war. The performance was unique in many ways—held in a Royal Chapel, with two Princesses singing in the chorus, and the Queen and several of her family among the audience. Princess Christian and her elder daughter Princess Victoria are very energetic members of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society, which rendered the oratorio, and they had been most regular in rehearsing with the Society, while Her Majesty sent her private band to form the orchestra. The Queen heard the oratorio in comparative privacy, sitting just inside the choir, or the Garter Chapel, as it is often called, owing to the banners of the Knights of the Garter hanging over the choir stalls. An arm-chair and table with the score of the oratorio were placed there for the Queen, who was wheeled in by her Indian attendant soon after the music began. Her Majesty could see the performers in the nave through the choir gates, but was little seen herself, and had only her three Battenberg grandchildren with her, as Princess Beatrice was sitting in the nave with Princess Aribert.

Next Monday the Court moves to the Isle of Wight for Christmas. The Duchess of Albany and her son and daughter are coming over from Germany to spend Christmas with the Queen, and possibly the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their family, will join the circle, so there will be a goodly gathering of young people to brighten the party. Her Majesty stays at Osborne till February, and then spends two or three weeks at Windsor before starting on her annual Continental holiday, possibly about March 7 or 8. As the crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne proved so satisfactory last year the Queen will probably go by this route to Bordighera. The Royal train will only skirt Paris, and reach Italy by the Mont Cenis tunnel.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been in town for a few days. Next Monday the Prince and Princess receive the Presidents and Lady Presidents of the League of Mercy at Marlborough House. Later in the week they go back to Sandringham for Christmas, when there will be only a small family party, probably including the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who are now at Brighton with their children.

## The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN LITTLE

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

**THE** other day I happened to be in the City. Not the place for a Gystander you will say. No matter, there I stood by and took notice. To my great surprise I found a troop of schoolgirls, as far as I could ascertain without an escort, chattering and laughing hard by Capel Court. Now what on earth could this bonny bevy of bright-eyed, rosy, dimpled schoolgirls want in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange? Were they about to float a limited company, or were they being taken to a Bank of England to be shown how to draw dividends? Or were they on their way to some friendly stockbroker's who was about to give their minds by a lecture on the money market, coupled with a dissertation on stocks and shares, bulls and bears, with a few allusions with regard to contango, backwation and carrying over? Accompanied with some remarks on the ceremony of hammering. Is it possible they were about to visit Lloyd's, to be instructed in all the mysteries of underwriting, and to be subsequently regaled by luncheon in the Captain's Room? If this array of juvenile bloom, from graceful, daintily costumed Sweet Seventeen to sturdy, stockinged, sable-hosed, snowy-frilled Tomboy Twelve, were there for educational purposes, it is difficult to understand the necessity for their presence in the City. Stay, I have heard that some of those milliner's bills sometimes exceed their means of settling the same, occasionally make both ends meet by a "flutter" on the Stock Exchange. Of course, it is difficult to believe this to be true. But should it prove to be so, probably these merry maidens were in this quarter in order to graduate betimes in the art of fluffing, so that when their bills become portentous their flight may be successful.

My remarks about motor carriages have produced a courteous communication from a country correspondent, in which he seems to think that I am hostile to motor carriages. This is, however, by no means the case. On the introduction of the electric in London I was one of the first to take a trial trip, and spoke in praise of its advantages when detailing my experiences at considerable length in the pages of *The Daily Graphic*. In the course of the letter alluded to, my correspondent says:—"In the case you mention it was, of course, wrong for the driver to go the wrong side of the refuge, but I can assure you it is most unlikely that there was a risk of an appalling disaster as you suggest." (If there had happened to be the usual crowd of vehicles at the corner referred to, at the pace the machine was going, I have no hesitation in saying the consequences would have been dreadful.) "There are reckless automobile drivers and also horse drivers, but why should you condemn all on that account, and why should you wish to number private carriages of one type and not the other?" It is exactly because I recognise the great value of motor carriages that I desire there should be special rules for the control of "reckless automobile drivers," as well as reckless drivers of all descriptions. If such people are kept in proper order it will undoubtedly tend to increase the popularity of the excellent invention. I certainly see no hardship in having private carriages numbered. I have a private boat on the Thames. For years past it has been numbered, and I have not found this circumstance interfere either with my enjoyment or social status, and if I had a private brougham I would willingly have it numbered if such a proceeding in any way contributed to the public weal.

It is somewhat of a disappointment to me that the phonograph has not been further developed. I had hoped long before this that it would have been brought into general use, and made available for domestic purposes. If, for instance, it could be utilised for hailing cabs, in the place of the terrible ear-piercing whistle, what a blessing it would be. I should also like to see a phonograph attached to railway carriages that should exclaim "Shut the door!" in stentorian tones to thoughtless passengers, who have no consideration whatever for those they leave in the carriages. I should like, as well, to have similar instruments provided at restaurants, theatres, and other places of public resort to remind people of the duty they owe to their fellow-creatures. I think the phonograph might be made eminently useful, too, for recitation purposes. A lady would be able to furnish you with a polished recitation, when by a practised elocutionist, but you would have the special advantage of being able to stop it when you had had enough of it. It would be a great joy if it could be utilised for announcing the names of stations and other information with regard to changes, now left to the tender mercy of the porter. For then we should have some chance of going by the right train and not getting out at the wrong station. There are many other ways I should like to see the phonograph utilised, but I have just mentioned a few of which every one would be very grateful. Possibly we may see all these advantages in time, but it strikes me the development of the invention is a little slow.



The troops are here shown assembling for church parade on a Sunday morning at Estcourt. The men on the right of the picture are the Imperial Light Horse. Our photograph is by H. W. N. Cholls.

A SOLEMN MUSTER AT ESTCOURT



The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for



A correspondent, who travelled home from Antwerp on board the Orient liner *Ostia*, writes: "One day we all received the following invitation: 'Omnibus President of the Transvaal Republic will be dumped at sea this afternoon, at 3.30. Your attendance is requested.' The 'dumping' was really a protest and solemn funeral at sea. Some fifty

stewards, headed by some of the ship's band playing martial music, preceded by a military band, proceeded to the deck, where they found a large crowd of people. After arriving at the place of execution, the 'parson' read a long account of the tyranny and misg verment which had necessitated the war. Over 250 people listened to the indictment in

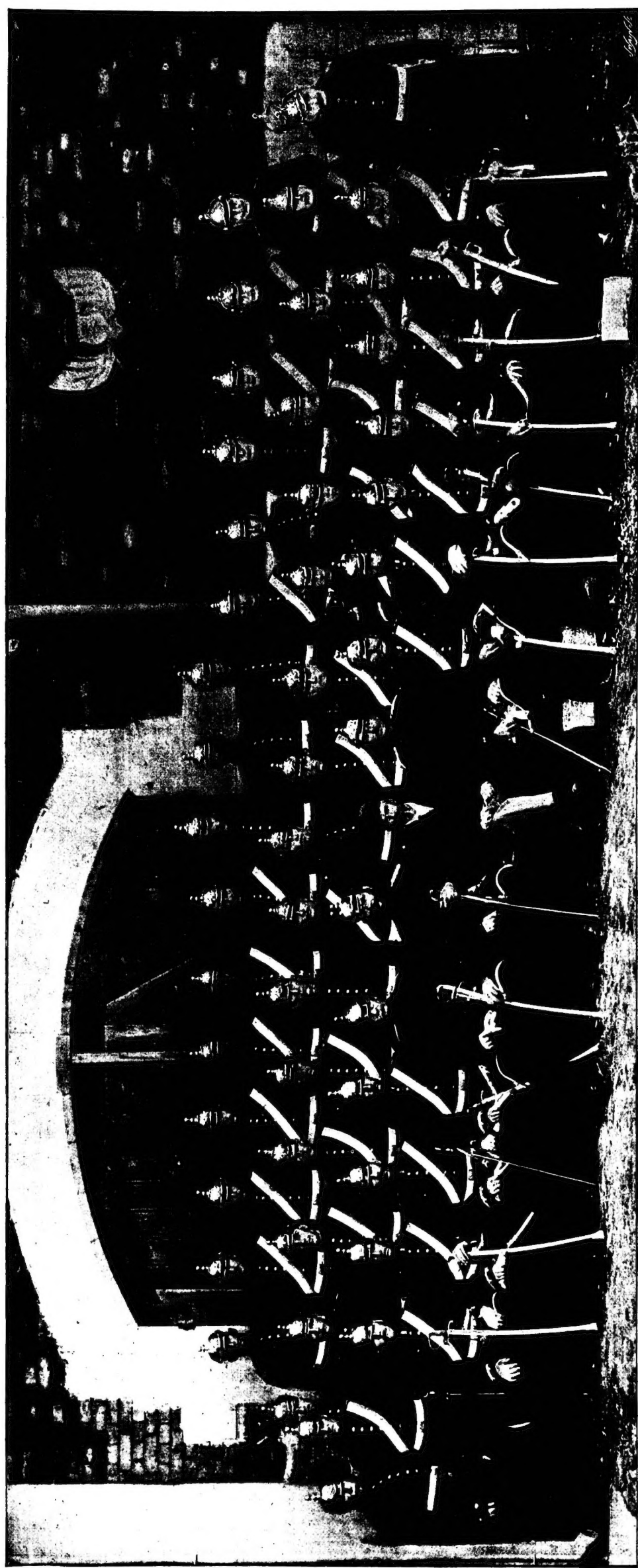
"DUMPING THE PRESIDENT"

perfect silence. At 3.50 an armed mob, preceded by a military band, proceeded to the deck, where they found a large crowd of people. After arriving at the place of execution, the 'parson' read a long account of the tyranny and misg verment which had necessitated the war. Over 250 people listened to the indictment in





Road to Pietermaritzburg and Colenso  
The force in camp at Estcourt a month ago, when this photograph was taken, consisted of the Natal Field Artillery, one squad of Imperial Light Horse, Natal Royal Rifles, Durban Light Infantry, the Dublin Fusiliers, 1st Battalion of the Border Regiment, and a squad of Natal Police. Our photograph is by H. W. Nicholls  
**PART OF THE RELIEF FORCE FOR LADYSMITH: THE CAMP AT ESTCOURT**



Two batteries of artillery are in the time of peace stationed at Bloemfontein. They are clad in a uniform that is evidently founded on a German design  
**THE BLOEMFONTEIN ARTILLERY NOW ENGAGED IN ATTACKING KIMBERLEY**  
From a Photograph by Fyne, Cape Town



DISHING THE BOERS: BRITISH FARMERS IN CAPE COLONY SAVING THEIR CATTLE FROM BEING LOOTED

With the advance of the Boers into British territory farmers remove the live stock to the south for safety. Many farmers have lost everything, and others have had narrow escapes of being shot while driving off their cattle.





*'She was removing this case to drop it where the gold had fallen, when her arms were grasped from behind'*

## WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

#### THE CURTAIN DRAWN

MARLEY was unaccountably restless. She could not remain at it. A disquiet which she could not explain kept her on the move throughout the day. She had left her precipitately, had gone back to Bath, and had not a word of explanation as to her purpose, whether to remain or to return. It could not sound Winefred's heart. She was in doubt whether she intended to abandon her and adhere to her father, or whether she proposed to pay her occasional visits. The girl had written towards her relative to Jack Rattenbury. From what she had said, and this was not much, Jane judged that Winefred had decided that union with him was not possible, and yet adhered to the resolution not to banish him from her heart. Jane was well satisfied that the two had met on the downs almost every evening. Winefred was altered in her demeanour towards her mother since the discovery of the appropriation of Captain Rattenbury's board. She had bitten out her tongue with mortification at having been deceived. But in the moment of excessive agitation, the pang of remorse, of fear lest Jack's life would be sacrificed, had lost control over her words. Her conscience had

cried out in audible tones, and though the words had been few, the accent had sufficed to convey to Winefred the revelation of the fraud committed. And yet, as Jane reasoned with herself, Winefred must have arrived at the truth shortly by another road.

If she got into conversation with her father about the past he was certain to mention to her, in self exculpation, how that her mother had haughtily, resentfully refused assistance from him; how that from the day that he left her she had not accepted a stiver from him.

When Winefred learned this she would at once ask, whence then came the money that had enabled her mother to purchase the Undercliff, and to send her to be educated in a private family of some pretensions.

And Winefred was not one to leave such a question unanswered. She would work at it till she had arrived at a satisfactory explanation. When the girl discovered that no money had been transmitted to her mother from Mr. Holwood, her mind would at once fasten on the rumours that circulated relative to what her mother had done. She could come to no other possible conclusion save that there was some good ground for the suspicion so generally entertained.

That Winefred did resent such an appropriation of the savings of a dead man Jane could understand, but not why she did not accept those excuses for it with which Jane salved her own conscience. The fable about the murder of her brother at the instigation of Job Rattenbury, and that of her father having been defrauded of

his legitimate gains by the same man, she had accepted as certain truths, and clung to them as such with tenacity.

She had not that sharpness of vision in the matter of right and wrong, nor that fineness of texture of conscience that had Winefred. Like a vast number of other people, any pretext served as an excuse for the commission of a wrong; a colourable pretext was the cocaine with which moral sensation was benumbed. Various causes had combined to make Winefred what she was in principle.

Unquestionably there was natural downrightness in her character from the outstart; this had been accentuated by her work in selecting and polishing stones for the lapidary. Too often had she been deceived by a pebble that promised well, and which only after laborious grinding and smoothing had revealed itself to be worthless. This had contributed to foster in her resentment against an exterior that did not correspond with what was within. She had been obliged to deal with shifty personages, and had seen through their evasions. Further, she had enjoyed that supreme advantage of having been taught in a dame's school where the two duties were made the basis of all instruction, and the mind was educated instead of being taught.

But it was not trouble of mind concerning Winefred that alone allowed Jane Marley no rest. There was a something indescribable, sensible but inexplicable, that set all her nerves in a tingle, that impressed her with a feeling of insecurity.

Once and again, haunted by an unreasonable dread, she went to the wardrobe to examine the range of crooks and pendent garments and assure herself that they had not been touched. Once and again she started as though the ground beneath her feet had given way suddenly, and when she recovered herself it was to be seized with fear lest her brain was reeling. Then there came over her a qualm, and she sank on a seat with sickness at her heart and a spinning in her head.

As she shut the wardrobe door after one of these looks at her secret drawer, she saw the shadow of a man pass the window, and this was followed by a sharp rap at the door. Without awaiting an answer, a preventive man entered unceremoniously.

"Missus," said he, "I advise you to budge. Something is going to take place; we don't know what, and I've had orders to give you warning."

"I do not understand you."

"Come and see for yourself."

Jane followed the gauger, and he led her from the house, through the bushes, to a point on the edge of the cliff that commanded the beach and the sea some three hundred feet beneath.

She was silent.

No wind was stirring. The moment was that of the turn of the tide. At a distance of half a mile from the shore the surface of the water heaved like the bosom of a sleeper in rhythmic throb. There were no rollers, no white horses.

But nearer land the sea was boiling. Volumes of muddy water surged up in bells as from a great depth, and spread in glistening sheets, that threw out wavelets which clashed with the undulations of the tide. Moreover, there appeared something like a mighty monster of the deep, ruddy brown, heaving his back above the water.

"That which is coming in is sweet water," said the man. "One of our chaps has ventured down and has tasted it. It is not the fountains of the deep that are broken up, but the land springs are feeding the ocean. Did you ever witness the like?"

"Yes," said Jane, "there was something of the kind took place, but only in a small way, before the crack formed when my old cottage was ruined."

"Exactly, missus. And there is going to happen something of the same sort here, but on a mighty scale, to which that was but as nothing. Where it will begin, how far it will extend, all that is what no mortal can guess. Now you know why I have been sent to tell you to clear out as fast as you can. If you want my help you are welcome to it."

"My house!—I have but just bought it."

"The sea and the fresh-water springs were not parties to the agreement, I reckon," said the preventive officer.

"But this new house of mine is some way from the edge."

"For all that you must shift. It is unsafe to remain in it another hour."

"Whither shall I go?"

"Mrs. Jose, I reckon, will gladly receive you."

He was in the right. Some appalling convulsion was threatening. To what extent the coast would be affected, and for how far inland it would extend, none could predict.

The sky overhead was grey, the air tranquil. A filmy mist lay over everything so fine as hardly to obscure the sight of any object, certainly not the upheaving volumes of turbid water and the bulging shoals of mud.

Jane turned, terrified at the prospect, aghast—not knowing what to do.

How was she to remove her store of money in broad daylight, before all eyes? and already she saw that spectators were gathering on the common in expectation of witnessing a great convulsion of nature.

She declined the assistance of the man so civilly proffered, and, locking her door, ran towards Bindon. On reaching the farm she threw herself breathless on a form by the kitchen table, panting, and entreating to be afforded shelter.

"My dear Jane," said the kind farmer's wife, "why do you ask? Take what is yours and welcome. There was a cow once—"

"Oh, never mind about the cow now. What am I to do about all the things in my house?"

"About your furniture and clock and bedding?"

"I must remove, first of all, the things of greatest value that are in the smallest compass. Give me some box that I can lock them in, or a strong drawer."

Mrs. Jose showed Jane a stout cypress chest in a room over the porch.

"You may have that and welcome," she said. "But I reckon you will require something in which to carry your traps. Here is an old-fashioned carpet-bag that I will lend you. Shall I go with you and assist you? Shall I summon the men?"

"No—no. I must go first. Later I shall be glad of assistance."

"You know best, Jane; but look here. There was the most curious sight imaginable this morning. The rabbits have come off the common on to our land in flocks as of sheep; they are all over our fields now."

"And the birds have deserted the cliffs. Something is certainly going to happen."

"We, thank God, are well inland at Bindon, and on the safe side of the hill."

"There is no time to be lost," said Jane in feverish unrest and impatience. "I must go."

Then she hurried from the house.

The number of persons assembled on the down had increased. Most stood at a considerable distance from the cliffs, but a few audacious boys dashed forward to the brink, and were screamed at by their mothers, and sworn at by the coastguardmen, who bellowed to them to return.

"Has there been any change?" asked Jane as she came among the spectators.

"Nothing so far, but something will happen before very long. Hush! Did you hear that?"

No—there was no sound, either from sea or land.

"You are surely not going back to your house?" said one of those looking on, as Jane passed him.

"I must go. I have all my little possessions there."

"However got," threw in one hard by.

Jane Marley accelerated her pace to be away and to reach her home.

None seemed to know whence the menace came, and where danger would be found. Some individuals more timid than others lurked behind hedges, putting a lank and quickset between themselves and danger. Others held to gates and rails. Others again looked out for a clear space in rear over which to beat a precipitate retreat, if necessary.

After Jane had pushed through the line of onlookers, she descended to the Undercliff, reached her door, looked about her, listened, and entered.

When she had gone forth with the preventive man, half an hour previously, she had not observed a face watching her from behind a rock. When she traversed the bushes, she had not seen how a man stole forth from his place of concealment. She had not suspected, whilst she stood on the cliff observing the tumescent waters that this man had slipped in at her door left unlocked, and had secreted himself within the house.

When Jane now entered her habitation, she carefully locked the door on the inside. By so doing she had, unconsciously locked herself in with this man.

On finding herself within, she looked around her. Everything was as she had left it. Nothing had been in the smallest degree deranged. No one was to be seen. Not a sound was to be heard. She looked up. The clock had ceased to tick. There was nothing to lead her to suppose that she was not alone.

So little did she conceive this as possible, that she at once went to the window, pulled down the blind, and then drew the curtain, lest that by any chance, anyone might see what she purposed doing behind the locked door and the shrouded window.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END

THE carpet-bag was light, portable and capacious. It was a contrivance for the convenience of travellers upon which we have not improved, and yet it has been relegated to the limbo of antiquated articles, is no more in commerce, and is replaced by portmanteaus and Gladstone bags, metal armed, and with vulnerable sides, that are scarred by the impact of other baggage equally furnished with iron or brass scutcheons and corner pieces that curl, add no strength, but serve vixenishly to scratch and tear whatever baggage is brought in contact with them.

Our children will hardly know what the old, worthy, serviceable carpet-bag was like—a bag simply constructed, as its name implies, out of bits of carpet.

Furnished with this article, that was of inconsiderable weight, Jane Marley drew a long breath. The bag was supplied with lock and key, but this was a matter of no consideration, as, when filled, she would not let it pass from her hand till its contents were secured in the cypress chest at Bindon, that had been put at her service by Mrs. Jose.

She drew apart the jaws of the bag, disclosing its striped canvas lining, and she set it beside her near the wardrobe.

Her next proceeding was to open the doors of this article of furniture. She started, thinking that she heard a step. She looked about her, but nobody was visible. She held her breath. Nothing was to be heard save the shouts, very distant, of those gathered on the downs.

No one would be surprised, she considered, to see her pass with the bag. Nothing more reasonable than that she should be concerned to remove her portable goods to a place of security.

When the valves of the wardrobe had been thrown wide apart, and the range of dependent dresses revealed in the twilight caused by the darkened window, then she placed the stool in position. This she mounted and palled at the crooks. At once the drawer slid forward smoothly and noiselessly, bringing with it the series of garments.

Jane put her hand in, and took out as many bundles and purses of gold as she could compass in her hand, and dropped them into the yawning carpet bag. They fell with a muffled thud. She was too much occupied, and in too great haste now to look about her. Time was precious. There was no knowing when the catastrophe would take place. It was by no means sure that some officious coastguardman would not come to her door with offers of assistance or insistence on her immediately vacating the place.

She laid hold of a small metal case that contained jewels. She had formerly looked at and admired the contents, and had fondly dreamed of the time when they should be worn by her Winefred. She was removing this case to drop it where the gold had fallen, when her arms were grasped from behind.

She uttered a cry and strove to turn about.

"Aye! scream with all your lungs! None will help you now. At last I have found out what I long wanted to know!"

The voice was familiar. It was that of Oliver Dench—a conviction by no means reassuring. Jane's first impulse was to shut the drawer, but her hands were fast. She thrust at it with her head.

Oliver contemptuously laughed, and threw her from the stool, and still gripping her arms above the elbows, with hands like vices, hard and sinuous with working the oars, till their strength was irresistible, he looked into the receptacle.

"Ha, ha!" said he, chuckling "A clever trick, I faith. I have hunted twice through this house, and never thought of this."

Unable to resist the attraction of the gold, he let go one arm, that he might thrust the freed hand among the packages of coin.

Jane seized her opportunity to wrench herself loose; she caught up the carpet bag and sprang towards the door.

"Not so!" said Dench, with an oath. With a stride he caught her before she had attained her object, and twisted the handle of the bag out of her hand.

"Ah! Scream away! No one can hear you."

Then, frantic with despair and rage, she threw herself upon him, like a wild beast, and he found her more difficult to master than he had anticipated.

She writhed, bent, caught him by the arm, by the throat, she tore, she bit at his hand, and made her teeth meet in his flesh. The fury and the force of a demoniac was in her. Roused to desperation at the prospect of losing that which was to make the fortunes of her child, she forgot herself in the fury of the onslaught. If he was strong, she was wiry and nimble. She bowed herself,

she beat at him, she strove to drive her bony fingers into his eyes, to rip his skin with her nails. At one moment she almost bit his lip up.

He dared not mount the stool. He could not reach the receptacle of so much gold. His every faculty was engaged in self-defence. As he held the carpet-bag, she cast all her weight on his arm, and as she could not break the bones in it, she gripped it at his fingers like a dog.

Time was flying. An end must be put to this combat. Either rage she lost breath. The cataclysm might come upon her at any moment, and to be beneath a roof then might prove fatal.

With a curse, Oliver gathered up all his masculine strength, and having drawn from his pocket some whipcord, he twisted it round behind her back; plunge, toss, sway herself as she would, he held her wrists together, threw her down on her face, plaited her hair behind her back, and deliberately bound her arms behind her, so securely that it was impossible for her to disengage them.

She did her utmost to be free. She plucked one arm this way, the other that, but, although the cord tore the skin and drew blood, she was unable to release her wrists.

Then he rent away a piece of one of the dresses and jammed the rag between her teeth into her mouth, after which he turned his spotted red and white kerchief over her mouth.

This accomplished he stood up and laughed, and, mounting the stool, proceeded to empty the drawer.

Some of the parcels of gold he put into his pocket, others he threw down to be carried in the carpet-bag.

Jane, now hopeless of securing the spoil for herself, was filled with a raging desire to prevent Oliver from enjoying it. She sought to prolong the struggle till one of two things should happen, either the earth should reel and bring down the house over their heads, or else till some of the preventive men should come, and intervene, when she would declare all, so that neither might possess the treasure.

Lifting herself with difficulty to her knees, having no power with her hands, and unable to tear with her teeth, glaring at Oliver with inextinguishable, insatiable hate in her eyes, she struggled forward on her knees till she was able to fling her weight against him, as he was engaged, standing on the stool, with the drawer.

With a curse he roared, "Jane! Leave me alone, or, by Heaven, I will knock you over the head with the stool!"

She did not heed his threats.

With tigrish eyes she followed his every motion. He aimed at her with his fist weighted with a purse of gold, but he missed. He missed his aim, and as he staggered, she struck the stool from under him, and he came reeling over and nearly lost his feet. She at once kicked the stool into the fire.

But he had not fallen. He was brought up by the stool which at the impact went over with a crash. He sprang to his hands, took the stool and swung it over his head in menace. He was afraid to completely silence her lest in the event of a storm he might be called to account.

He placed the stool where he required it, and said to Jane, "I want to talk to you again! If you do, you shall be reduced to a state of trouble me no more! Beware, Jane, you shall be!"

When he had mounted the stool, she rose to her feet and made her way to the door.

He continued to clear the drawer of the money that was in it, but he observed her out of the corner of his eye, and he discerned her purpose.

She had retreated backwards till she had reached the door, and now facing him, with her bound hands she was endeavouring to turn the key.

"No!" he shouted. "I see your game!"

He dashed at her, spun her about and dealt her a blow with his fist that she fell on the floor.

"You will remain still now," said he, and he turned to his work.

Jane was partially stunned. For a moment she was unable to rally her senses, but she was incapable of being so completely overcome.

She saw what was going on, lying on the floor, with her labouring lungs. She could not breathe fast enough, and she screamed through her nostrils. The blood in her veins swelled her face, and swelled her veins to bursting.

At last everything had been removed, and the bag was filled with the contents of the drawer. Dench turned to the crooks and swaying garments to the place where he had hidden them, and again chuckled at the ingenuity of the preventive men, and had twice baffled him. Then he laboured down the stairs, and halted on his way to the door to look back, and lay bound at his feet. The laugh was still on his face.

Her head in falling had struck the eventful stool, and she lay by the broken glass of the door, and it was dark hair, tinged with grey, was dishevelled, and she lay about and under her head the face was turned towards him, and eyes flared at him like coals in a last frantic effort to convey a malignant expression came over his face.

"Eh, Jane! Better to have gone straight to the gallows than lose all and come to this!"

He prepared with lifted foot to kick her in the man's shod foot, when a shiver ran through him, like that which passes over a man when he is treading on his predestined grave.

"Time to be off by—"

"Jane—I leave you to your fate!"

He unlocked the door, passed through it, and turned the key. He locked it from without, and then he went to the bushes.

For a few moments he stood irresolute, with his back to the door, and then he turned to go.

He was unwilling, carrying the carpet-bag, to face a crowd of spectators, and he stood for a moment, so that he could reach the farm, and then he went.

There was an open patch of ground in the middle of the down, so as not to be overlooked from the sea, and he stood in one direction or in then turned, and he was gone.

He had the carpet-bag in his hand, and he was gone. Meanwhile, within, Jane lay bound, and she was then to her feet.

She staggered to the window. The night was dark, and with effort she succeeded in mounting the table.



bound hands she plucked at the curtain and drew it, next by a pull tore down the little blind. And now she could look out.

Looking out she saw Dench standing resolute—as one dazed. She said something more.

At that moment the house swayed like a ship. The surface of the sea broke up, and seemed unaccounted into fluid, for in one place it rose like a mounting billow, and in another sank like the trough of a wave.

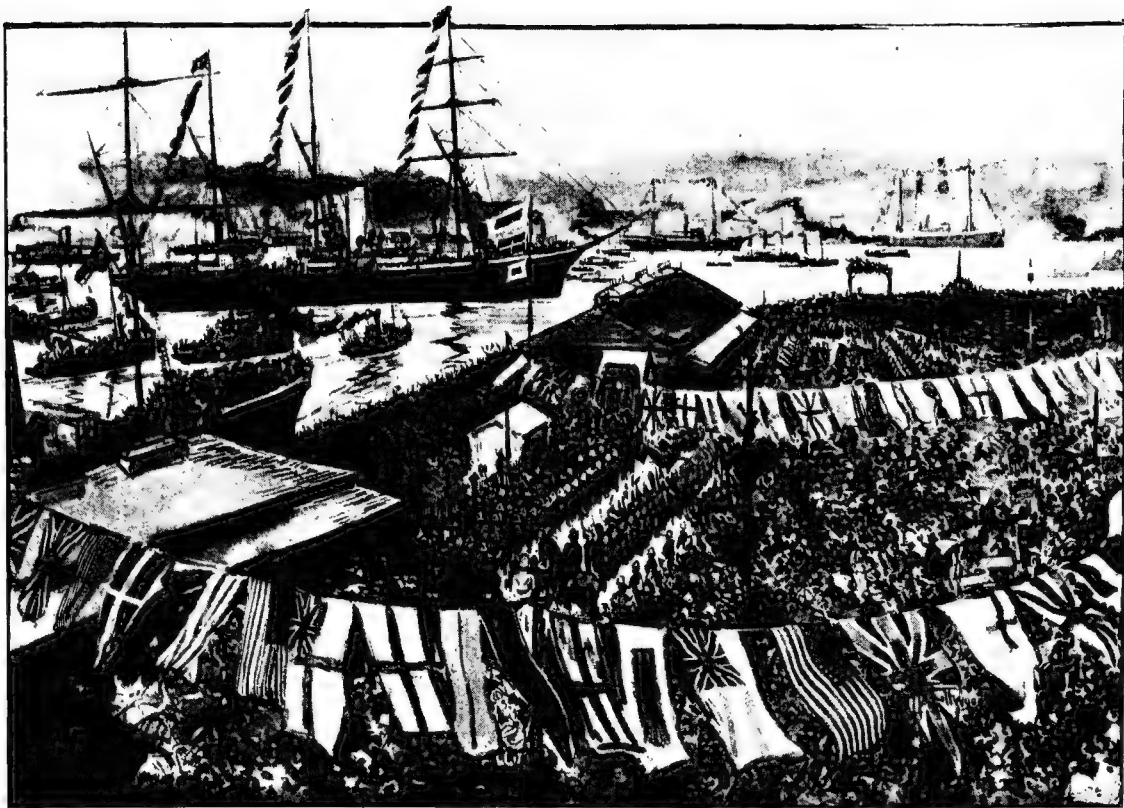
It was Jane, peering through the port window, as though she were looking at a tumbling sea through the porthole of a cabin. At that moment the house lurched, and so suddenly and to such an acute angle that Jane fell from the table.

(To be concluded)

## "Children of the Ghetto" at the Adelphi

Any love at war with ancient law is the theme of Mr. Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*—so, at least, says the unspoken prologue, which was circulated, in printed form, among the audience at the ADELPHI Theatre on Monday evening. No hint of any such problem, however, was discoverable in the dramatist's first act; nor was it till the second act had made considerable progress that the spectator, who had come to the theatre unfortified by an acquaintance with the author's novel on which the play is founded, became aware that its serious interest was to spring from the relations of the "star-crossed lovers," Hannah Jacobs, the Rabbi's daughter, and her "lax" co-religionist, David Brandon. So direct a violation of familiar canons of the playwright's art is not a little remarkable. The truth is that although there is enough of romance and of the conflict of passion in *Children of the Ghetto* to awaken sympathy, the dramatist has been less solicitous to develop his story than to furnish a series of sketches of life, manners, and religious feelings in the Jewish quarter of the East End of London a generation ago. It is indeed a very curious picture, and one which in its freshness and its independence of the common conventions of the stage must be allowed to have a peculiar interest. We see the benevolent old Rabbi "Reb" Shemuel mingling in the daily life of the people to whom he is father, pastor, and spiritual and worldly adviser all in one; and there is the Hebrew poet, Pinchas, with his queer, rasping accent—a creature who, with a touch of genius, combines a self-seeking, crafty hypocrisy. With these are the prosperous young Jew, who has brought home diamonds from the Cape; the pauper alien, with his basket of lemons and his profound knowledge of Jewish faith and ceremonial; the freethinker and "labour leader," who incites the crowd to assail their Jewish neighbours; the Zionist greengrocer, the Jewish marriage-broker, and numerous others who combine to swell the crowded programme, and furnish the factors in the animated scenes of the gathering in the Jewish house on the Feast of Chanuka, the Ball in the People's Club on the Feast of Purim, the Rabbi's parlour on the Great Sabbath, and the Ghetto market place on the eve of Passover. The serious vein, meanwhile, is relieved by humorous incidents. As the Prologue, already quoted says—

But do not deem the Ghetto is all gloom!  
The Comic Spirit mocks the ages' doom,  
And weaves athwart the woof of tragic drama  
The humours of the human panorama.  
The poet vaunts, the hypocrite goes supple,  
The marriage-broker mates the bashful couple.  
The pedler cries his wares, the player aces,  
Saint jostles sinner, fun with wisdom paces,  
The beggars prosper and the babes increase,  
And over all the Sabbath whispers, "Peace!"



The troopship *Aberdeen* left Sydney for the Cape last month with the second and main contingent of New South Wales troops amid great enthusiasm. Our sketch is by A. Henry Fullwood

### COLONIAL REINFORCEMENTS: THE SECOND AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT LEAVING SYDNEY

It is fair to say that the story once started it soon awakens a strong interest. In the first act Hannah Jacobs is accidentally married, through the silly frolic of Levine, a vulgar little Jewish commercial traveller, who puts a ring on her finger and repeats the formula which, spoken in the presence of two witnesses, renders such an act in the eyes of the Jewish law a formal marriage. The mishap is then and there repaired by Hannah's venerable father, who, in the presence of the festive gathering, goes through an elaborate ceremony, which is supposed to have the force of a divorce. But in the third act it is discovered that in spite of all this Levine's foolish practical joke has grave consequences, for Hannah's betrothed, David Brandon, is a Cohen, or priest, that is one of the tribe of Aaron, who are forbidden by the law of Moses to marry a divorced person. It is this discovery, just after the father had given his consent to the union, which constitutes the tragic element of the play. David, who is not strict in his religious notions, vehemently denounces the law, Hannah weeps and laments over its cruelty till, overcome by her lover's passionate appeal to her to sail with him for America, "the great land of freedom," she resolves, like Jessica, to take to flight. The scene is outside her home; it is the time of the Passover; her father is officiating at the Synagogue, and the hour of the elopement is approaching when the good old Rabbi returns, and by his kind words smites her heart. Thus it is that when David comes to know the cause of her delaying to fulfil her promise he learns that her resolution is changed; and so, after one sorrowful farewell at the lighted window of her father's dwelling, the shutters are drawn to by her hand and the curtain descends upon the pathetic story of "love that never knew its earthly close."

It will be observed that Mr. Zangwill makes no concession to the popular preference for a "happy ending," and it has been suggested that we owe to this cause some discordant sounds from the gallery, which broke the otherwise unanimous applause on the first night. If it had proceeded from a sense of the incongruity of making consequences so tragic result from the vulgar practical joke of a mere hanger-on of the story, the demonstration would, perhaps, have been more justifiable. The company who have come from New York with the play comprise some excellent actors. Mr. Lackaye's wisely benevolent old Rabbi is a very impressive personage; Mr. Edson plays David with manly sincerity and a touch of poetic feeling; and Miss Rosabel Morrison's Hannah wins all hearts by her genuine vivacity

and tenderness. Clever studies of character are also furnished by other of the numerous members of the cast, among whom Mr. Norris, for his forcible performance of Pinchas, and Miss Taliaferro, who played the little Jewish girl, Esther, deserve special mention.

W. M. T.

### Musical Notes

SIR F. BRIDGE AND MR. KIPLING'S "CLAMPHERDOWN"

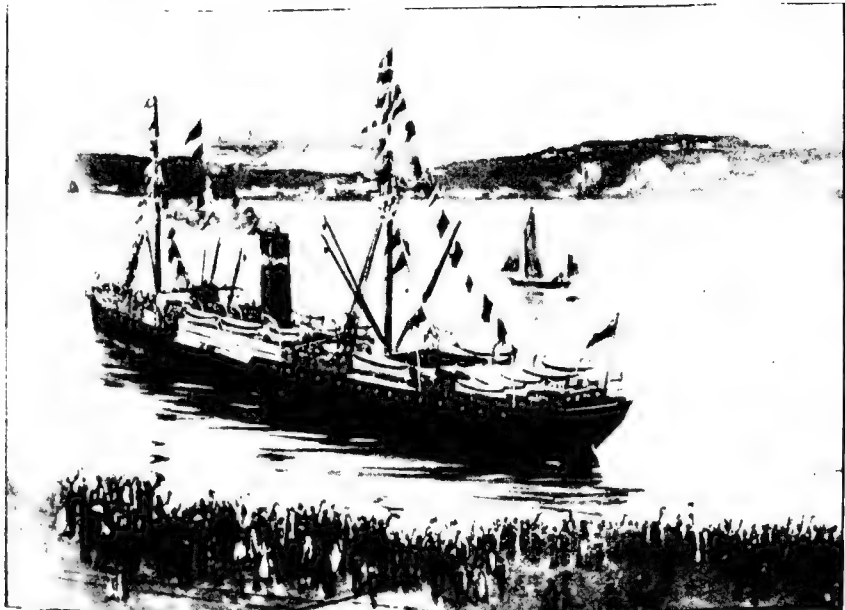
THE Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall has given the first performance of Sir Frederick Bridge's *Ballad of the Clampherdown*. Kipling's poem, which, by the way, was erroneously announced as being from the "Barrack Room Ballads," whereas it is one of the "Other Poems," is obviously a satire, addressed, no doubt, to Whitehall, and intended to show the supposed absurdity of spending large sums on line-of-battle ships instead of upon the handier cruisers. Consequently Kipling makes the huge man-of-war as powerless as the "Bleached Marine," to whom he so amusingly refers, for the British guns cannot hit the enemy's vessel and the battleship is in a sinking condition, when

the captain, throwing both tactics and probability to the winds, orders his men to cutlass and throw off their boots, the whole party boarding the enemy in the old-fashioned Captain Marryat style. No attempt is made to reflect the satire in the music, which is serious enough, and is written in the strenuous manner of the modern British choral ballad of the "Revenge" type. Although the performance was not without blemish, the work was given with due effect by the Albert Hall Choir, who recalled their conductor some half-dozen times after the performance.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

The Stock Exchange Orchestra started their season of concerts last week, giving a capital reading of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. Both the Wagner Concerts and the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts have now closed for the season, the last performance on Saturday including a capital rendering of Tchaikowsky's "Polish" Symphony. Messrs. Borwick and Plunkett Greene have started their season of concerts, the chief item of the first programme being a series of Irish songs splendidly sung by Mr. Greene. Herr Von Dohnányi played for the last time at the Popular Concert on Saturday, giving an excellent performance of Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 31. On Tuesday the performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, which had been postponed from a fortnight before, owing to the illness of the Papagena, took place at the Lyceum, by the Royal College students, under Dr. Villiers Stanford.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.—From Messrs. John Walker and Co., Ltd., we have received a parcel of dainty diaries and note-books. This firm is celebrated for its "back-loop" diaries, in which the pencil is placed at the back of the book. These pocket books are neat, compact, and well arranged. Messrs. Walker have solved the problem of how to turn out a diary that shall be elegant as well as useful.—Messrs. De la Rue and Co., Ltd., issue, as usual, their well-known diaries, the most popular being "Portable," "Condensed," and "Red Letter." These are made in various sizes and are well printed.—From the well-known firm Tom Smith we have received a box containing samples of Christmas crackers. These seem to increase in beauty as years go on. Some, indeed, are really artistic in design and colour. Tom Smith caters for the youngsters, and provides wonderful Christmas stockings stuffed with good things, while in addition "War Crackers" figure largely.



Never was such a scene of excitement known in Quebec as when the contingent, gathered from all the provinces of the Dominion, embarked on the *Sardinian* for the Cape. As the vessel left the National Anthem was sung by a crowd of over 40,000 people

### THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT LEAVING QUEBEC FOR THE CAPE



A lifeboat accident occurred at Aldeburgh last week which resulted in the loss of six lives. The lifeboat was launched in response to signals of distress, and while crossing the shoals in a heavy sea the boat capsized. Twelve of the crew were thrown into the sea and were dragged ashore in a terrible condition, but the other six men were imprisoned in the overturned boat and were drowned. Our illustration, which is from a photograph, by C. C. Clarke, Aldeburgh, shows the boat lying on the beach as she was washed in

### THE CAPSIZED LIFEBOAT AT ALDEBURGH



Pietermaritzburg has been preparing for all eventualities and if the Boers had attacked the town, which at one time appeared to be likely, they would have found the people quite ready for them. The illustration which is from a photograph by S. S. Watkinson, shows the muster of the Town Guard on Sunday, the 5th ult.

PREPARING FOR THE BOERS: A MUSTER OF THE TOWN GUARD AT PIETERMARITZBURG

Modder River

Pont used to get from the Hotel to Modder River



Drift used by carts

PIET RIVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE ABOVE THE JUNCTION WITH THE MODDER

THE JUNCTION OF THE TWO RIVERS IN THE DRY SEASON WHEN NO WATER IS RUNNING

ON LORD METHUEN'S ROUTE TO KIMBERLEY: VIEWS OF MODDER AND PIET RIVERS



THE 5TH LANCERS LEAVING PIETERMARITZBURG: PASSING GOVERNMENT HOUSE  
ANOTHER IRISH REGIMENT FOR THE FRONT

From a Photograph by a Correspondent





FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. NOLDING

locations to collect the hut and dog taxes. The natives have to pay fourteen shillings for each hut and five shillings for each dog. The revenue is largely increased in this way

content to remain passive spectators? It is interesting to note in Natal how the natives have made themselves citizens. Once a year all the different magistrates go out to the centre of native

THE BLACK ELEMENT IN NATAL: COLLECTING THE HUT AND DOG TAXES

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The conduct of the black population in Natal is just now a momentous question. We may not let them help us, and it does not seem likely that they will help the Boers. Will they be

Chronicle of the War

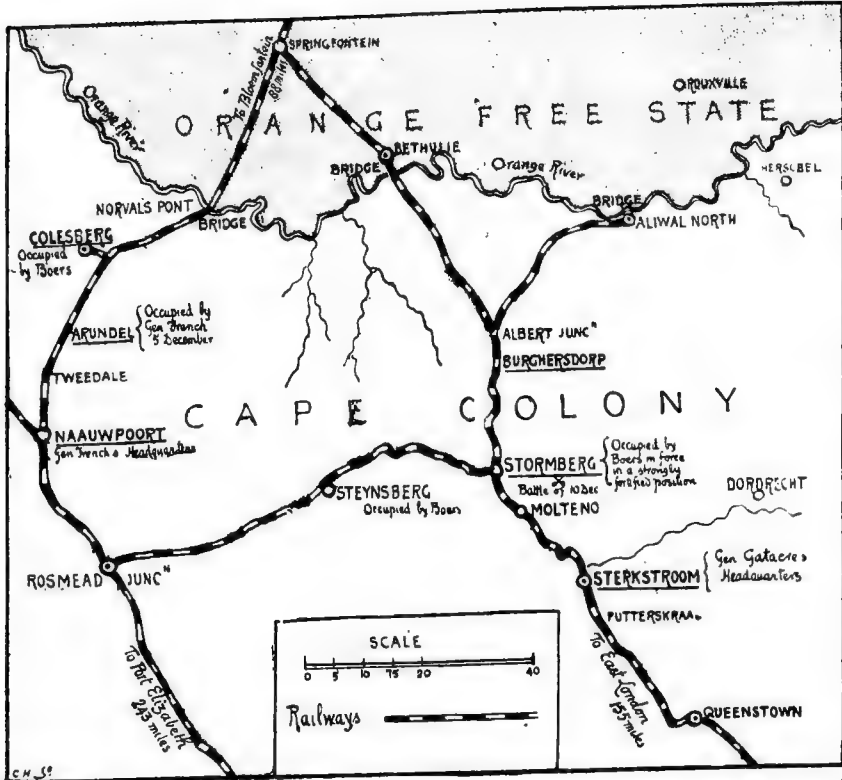
By CHARLES LOWE

Significant Numbers

If there were any sanguine critics who, several weeks ago, confidently predicted that our war with the Boers would be as much of a walk over to Pretoria as the great war with France took the form of a military promenade to Paris for the Germans, the events of the past fortnight, with its vicissitudes and its varying fortunes, must have brought to them a very rude awakening. Sir Redvers Buller has testified to the fact that the Boers themselves do not own to much more than a tenth of their known losses, but if their casualties have been greater than ours on the whole they must be very considerable indeed. The Financial Secretary to the War Office lately stated that when all our troops now under orders had arrived in South Africa they would total about 90,000 men—the size of the army with which Hannibal crossed the Alps to conquer Rome—and that naval brigades, local forces, and colonial contingents would bring this figure up to the grand total of about 106,000 men of all arms. But from this aggregate we must subtract about 5,000, which, up to the time of writing, represents our total loss in killed, wounded and “missing,” which is equal to about two-thirds of our total loss at Waterloo!

Mafeking and Kimberley

To that long list of death, debilitation and disaster the past week, either in fighting or in reports of previous fighting, has contributed a very considerable proportion from the various areas of hostile operations. The north is the only one of those areas which has sent us no addition to our casualty list during the last seven days. News from Mafeking up to the end of November reported all well in spite of the continued shelling of the town, while Lieutenant Lord Charles Bentinck had pushed his counter-trenches to within 1,400 yards of those of the enemy; but, it was significantly added, that “rations had now been reduced,” which need not, however, imply that Baden-Powell is brought to extremities in respect of his vivres, but only that he has begun to exercise thrift in their consumption, for, as the French aphorism has it, “It is not enough for a man to possess great qualities, he must also know how to deal with them in a spirit of economy.” It appears to be beyond doubt that the investing Boer force at Mafeking has been considerably reduced by the detachment of one of the Cronjes with a commando to strengthen the besiegers of Kimberley. But while the investing force at Mafeking has thus far been weakened by the “trekking” of Cronje and his men towards Kimberley, the gallant garrison of the former place ought soon to be able to join hands with a relieving force, estimated at about 800, which is known to be marching south from Rhodesia, and found the other day Gaborone evacuated by the Boers. That Kimberley is, or, at least, very lately was, in high fighting fettle, was proved by the sorties of its garrison on the 25th and 28th ult., which resulted in a loss to it of five killed and twenty-six wounded on the former, with twenty-one killed and thirty-three wounded on the latter—the killed including the gallant Major Scott Turner, of



The operations of the British forces in the Cape Colony have recently met with a severe check in the unsuccessful attack made by General Gatacre upon the Boer position at Stormberg, and he has had to retire temporarily upon his advanced base at Sterkstroom. Meanwhile, General French, who commands the Cavalry Division, but is now in command of a detached column, has advanced along the Port Elizabeth Railway to Division, and his advanced cavalry have occupied Arundel, not far south of Colesberg. The object of both Gatacre's and French's columns is to resist the invasion of the Cape Colony by the Free State Boers, and eventually to drive them back into the Free State, across the Orange River. When this has been done, it is to be presumed that the three columns of Methuen, French, and Gatacre will converge upon Bloemfontein. The map shows the important strategic positions of the railway junctions at Stormberg and Naauwpoort, of which Stormberg is held by the Boers, thus neutralising the value of the East London railway line.

THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF CAPE COLONY SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE OPERATIONS OF GENERALS FRENCH AND GATACRE

the Black Watch, whose funeral was followed by all the troops of the garrison, while Mr. Rhodes was among the hundreds who gathered round the grave.

Lord Methuen's Men

It must have been all the harder for Major Scott Turner to die—by an explosive bullet, according to one statement—as there was every prospect of his being soon restored to the bosom of his own gallant battalion of the “Forty Two,” which forms part of the fine Highland Brigade under the late Major-General Wauchope, who so unfortunately fell in Tuesday's action. A few days after the Modder River fight, Methuen himself had recovered from his wound sufficiently to resume command of his column, which had in the meantime not only been reinforced by the Highland Brigade, but also by more cavalry, and above all by a howitzer battery throwing lyddite shells at ranges equal at least to those of the heavy Boer guns. Methuen had constructed a practicable bridge over the Modder, replenished his stores of provisions and ammunition, and shown that, in addition to being an impetuous, blood-prodigal Steinmetz, fond of hammer-and-tongs frontal attacks, he could also scheme to become a wary strategist and a circumspect tactician. How circumspect he was bound to

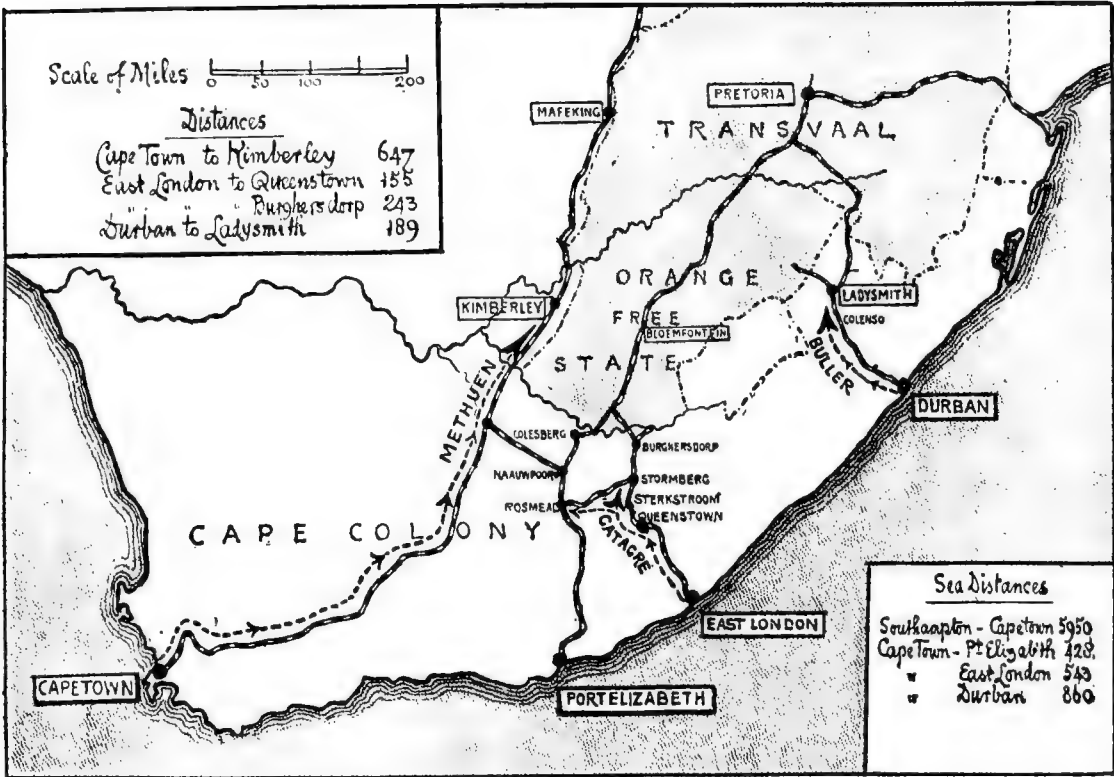
be in his advance was proved by the fact that he had his force crossed the Modder well before the Boers could be compelled to detach a portion of it—scarcely a day after the Scaforth's, with a battery and a company of the 1st Buffs, in order to return on his tracks and away a force of Free Staters, which, coming from the east, had settled on his rear and destroyed the railway about Graspan—the scene of his last battle. Methuen soon discovered that the Boers had taken up a strong position on a crescent-shaped ridge, strongly entrenched hills or kopjes, extending from the Boer left to Spytfontein—a crescent-shaped position bisecting the railway about six miles south of Kimberley. He made several reconnaissances in order to get the strength of the fighting force holding this position, and of his defence, of which the holders presented a united front against Lord Methuen's advance, who was confronted with as hard a task as any commander. That his lordship was determined to push his way warily before delivering his grand assault might have been inferred from the extensive reinforcement to which he subjected portions of the Boer position with his naval guns and new howitzer battery. But the grand assault above alluded to proved to be vain, and Methuen's losses were “great.” After a very rainy night, like that which preceded Waterloo, the assault was made at daybreak on Monday last by the Highland Brigade, supported by the Guards, and later on by the 1st Battalion of the Gordons, the heroes of Dargai, who had been hurried up to the front from the Cape; but all that Lord Methuen's troops could do, aided by a terrific fire from the artillery, was to hold their own until dark in front of the Boer entrenchments, which stretched a distance of about six miles, and were estimated by Methuen to have been defended by 12,000 deadly Boer riflemen. The fighting was continued on Tuesday, when General Wauchope was killed.

Another Nicholson's Nek

But whatever ultimately befell Lord Methuen's column, composed as it is of the very flower of the British soldiery, it will not fall into a trap such as that which, in the central area of the war last Saturday, robbed General Gatacre of a considerable portion of his force. With a force of about 2,700 men and twelve guns (two batteries) he proceeded by train from Putter's Kraal, his base, to Molteno, whence he made an all-night march towards the Boer position at Stormberg. In this forward movement of his he was guided by the intelligence of a “local policeman.” The said policeman “took us round some miles,” though the General did not believe that the error was “intentional,” and at last, about break of day, Gatacre's column—already wearied out by want of sleep and devious “marching in the painful field,” found itself in “an impossible position,” that is to say, in something like an amphitheatre of hills enabling the Boers to pour in deadly frontal and flanking fire on the British force. Some of his men, notably the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers and the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, made a gallant stand, but the Boer fire—especially of their guns “which were well served and carried accurately 5,000 yards”—proved overwhelming, so that Gatacre at last, “seeing the situation,” sent a despatch rider to Molteno with the news, while he himself collected the relics of his shattered column and withdrew free from ridge to ridge for about nine miles. Two of his guns—one of which had been overturned in a deep nullah, and the other sunk in quicksand—he had to leave behind him—guns which the Boers may thus claim to have “found,” though not “recovered” in the usual sense of the term. But those two guns were nothing to the men who were found to be “missing” from Gatacre's column when at last it got beyond the range of Boer fire—missing men whose number, after they had been marshalled by the Boers for distribution between Bloemfontein and Pretoria, was put down by them at 672, though General Gatacre's estimate is 629.

Brilliant Feats of Arms

Side by side with the despatch of General Gatacre, it was pleasant to read from Sir George White at Ladysmith, where the casualties, by the way, between November 11 and 14, were eleven other than seven killed and forty-seven wounded, apart from the 8th and 9th inst., General Sir Archibald Hunter had been sent to Natal with 500 arms worthy of the best traditions of the British Empire. With 500 Natal Volunteers under Royston, and 100 Imperial Light Infantry (Natal) under Edwards, General Hunter sallied out from Ladysmith, and paid a surprise visit to Lombard's Kop, where he destroyed a garrison as Gun Hill, whence he drove the Boers, who were holding two of their big guns, and returned to garrison the hill. At the same time a squadron of the 19th Hussars rode round the hill, burning kraals and cutting Boer telegraphs. The darkness from Ladysmith and destroyed another garrison on Surprise Hill, which had done so much to annoy and damage the beleaguered garrison. The result was “swift and bold,” as is their motto, had to bayonet a camp with the loss of eleven killed, including one officer, and only six missing—a price which was not altogether incommensurate with the result achieved, seeing that the loss of Hunter's previous feat of the same kind, to the relief of our Cape Colony prestige consequent upon General Buller's advance and subdue the malevolent shout of jubilation which followed that disaster was greeted by the bitter foes of England abroad with the foes of England abroad will have a very different opinion when Buller himself launches the blow which has been so carefully meditating against the invaders of North



The four principal ports of British South Africa, namely, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban, are the bases of operation of the British forces. From Cape Town Lord Methuen's force, which is operating for the relief of Kimberley, was sent by rail to the advanced base on the Orange River (570 miles from Cape Town), and thence, still using the rail, it advanced to the Modder River (about twenty-five miles from Kimberley) fighting the battles of Belmont, on November 23; Gras Pan, or Enslin, on the 25th; the battle for the passage of the Modder River on November 28, and a further desperate action on Monday continued on Tuesday. From the position on the Modder River Lord Methuen is endeavouring to drive the Boers still further back and free the road to Kimberley. Port Elizabeth and East London are the bases for the advance of Generals French and Gatacre. From Durban the third British column, under Generals Buller and Clery, is operating for the relief of the garrison under Sir William White at Ladysmith. The British have concentrated at Frere, a few miles south of Colenso, and it is there, at a point between Colenso and Ladysmith, that it is expected that the decisive battle for the relief of Ladysmith will be fought.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE LINES OF ADVANCE OF THE THREE BRITISH COLUMNS



Victims of the War

Major TAUNTON, who has been wounded in one of the engagements at Ladysmith last month, was a prominent officer of the Natal Carabineers. Our portrait is by Sherwood, Durban.

Major Henry Scott Turner, who was killed at Kimberley on November 28, at the time as twenty-one years of age, was one of the most promising officers on special service in South Africa. He was thirty-two years of age, and he was much missed at Kimberley, where he was the senior leader in all the early skirmishes. He entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the Royal Highland (Black Watch) on December 31, 1887. He was actively engaged in the operations in Matabeleland in 1893-4 under the command of Major Forbes, and was specially extra regimentally employed from April 15, 1894, to April 14 of the present year in the service of the British South Africa Company. In the operations in South Africa, in Rhodesia, under Sir Frederick Carrington, in 1895, he was adjutant and paymaster of the Matabeleland Relief Force, and obtained mention in despatches. On July 6 last he was gazetted as special service officer with the forces in South Africa, and has latterly been one of the chief officers at Kimberley under Colonel Kekewich. Major Scott Turner was married four years ago, and leaves a widow and one child. Our portrait is by Fripp, Cape Town.

Mr. Arthur Cowell Stark, M.B., died of injuries received while standing in the doorway of the Royal Hotel at Ladysmith. A shell from "Long Tom" came through the hotel, taking off one of his legs and badly injuring the other, so that he died an hour subsequently. Like many of the townspeople, he retired during the day to the caves dug in the river bank to avoid the shells, and had only just returned to the hotel when he was hit. Dr. Stark was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Cowell Stark, of Torquay. He was educated at Blendell's School, Tiverton, and at Clifton College, with a view to becoming a civil engineer. Comparatively late in life, however, he determined to become a doctor, and he



THE LATE MAJOR H. S. TURNER  
Killed at Kimberley



THE LATE DR. A. C. STARK  
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE MAJOR TAUNTON  
Killed at Ladysmith

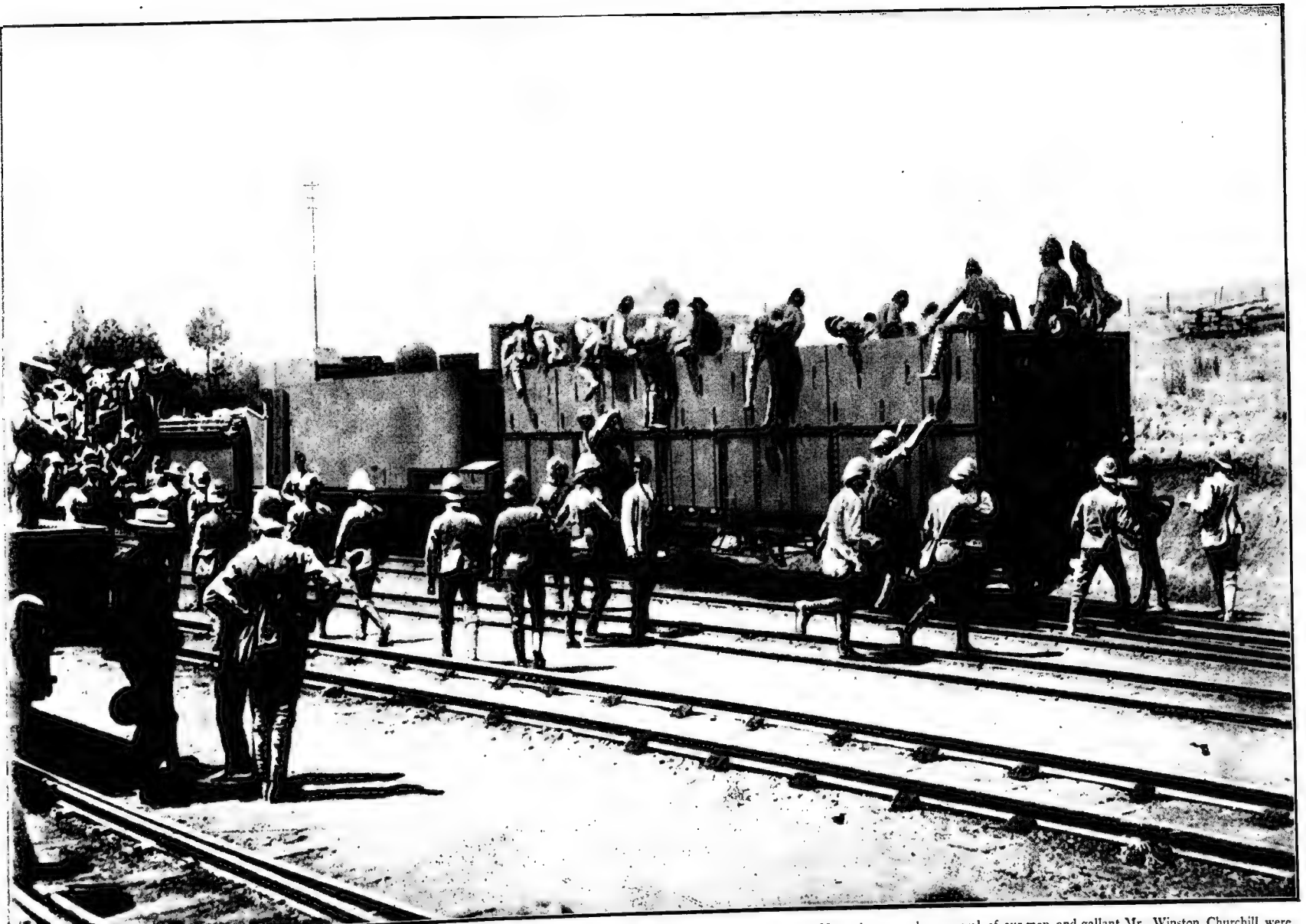
The Searchlight in the Field

THE forces in South Africa owe a good deal to the Navy, and Ladysmith in particular is a debtor. The naval guns saved the situation on the disastrous day of Nicholson's Nek, and now that General Buller is in measurable distance of bringing relief to the garrison, the communications between Sir George White and the relieving column are made principally by naval searchlight. As a means of communication this has proved more useful than the heliograph, the twinkling dots and dashes of which can only be transmitted when the point from which they are sent and that at which they are received are not separated by hills. Naval signalling by searchlight can be carried

on with hills between; the only necessary condition for its success is clearness of atmosphere. When this is granted it is comparatively easy to signal over distances of sixteen to twenty miles, and, indeed, at sea, a ship can signal to another when hull down. There are two ways of signalling by night in the Navy. The first is by lamp-signalling, when a special electric lamp, generally at the masthead, is used, and is fitted with a sliding shield, the raising and lowering of which constitutes the "shorts" and "longs," the "dots" and "dashes" of Morse telegraphy. But the searchlight-signalling for longer distances is more in the nature of a semaphore, the long pencil of rays from the searchlight constituting itself an arm of the semaphore. The system is, of course, not quite the same, because the beam of light can only turn through a semicircle, instead of a whole circle, as in the case of semaphore-signalling, or "flag-wagging"; but it is hardly more difficult to read, and two or three words a minute can be transmitted by it. Sometimes the expedient has been tried of flashing the light on to a convenient cloud, and carrying on signalling by "long" and "short" periods, as if the cloud were a lamp. The light would be switched on or off the cloud by making and breaking the current. This is, however, a system more difficult to interpret correctly.

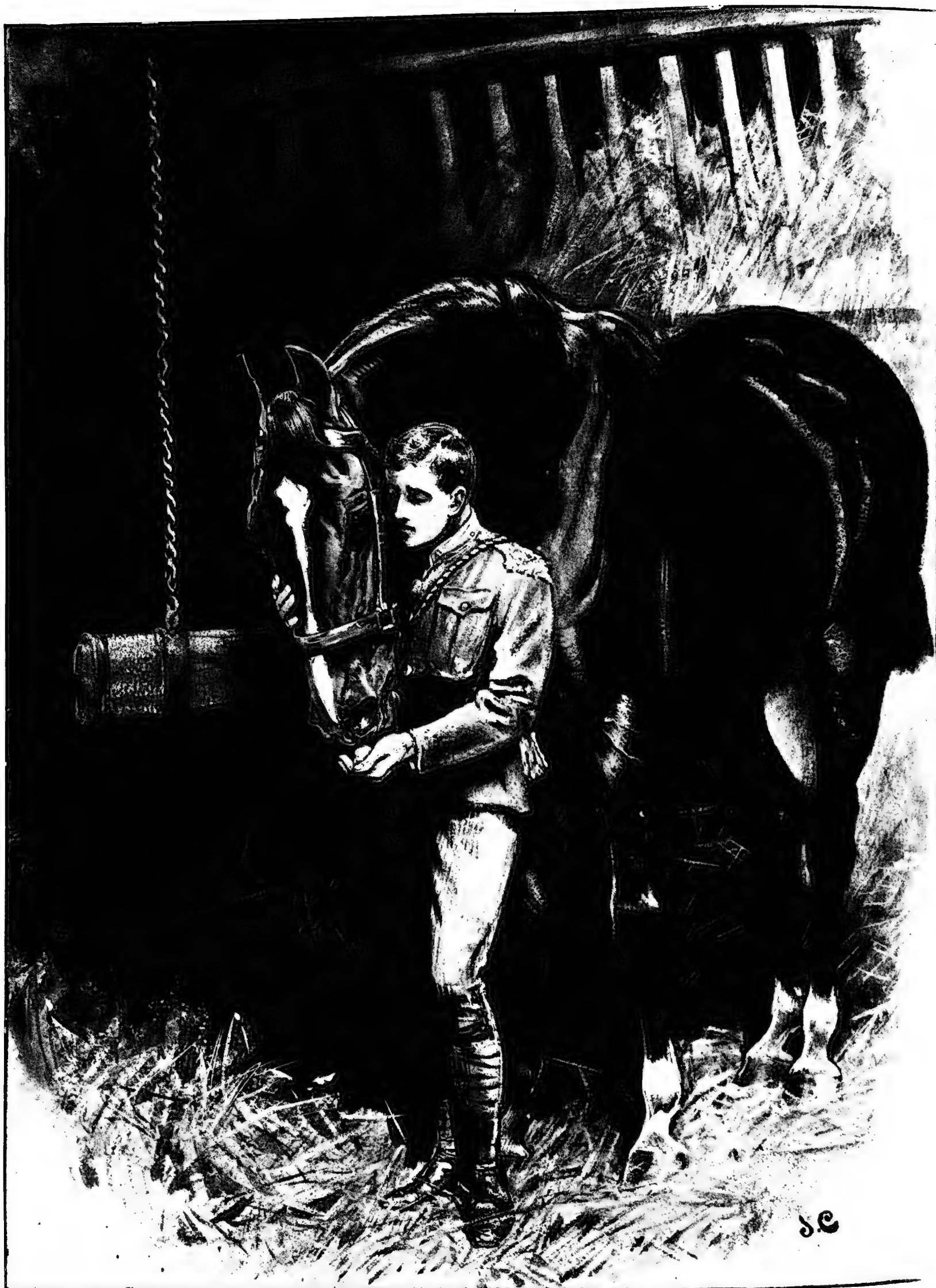
At Kimberley, where the great electric searchlight is fixed upon the scaffolding at the shafthead of the De Beers mine, a shutter has been invented which cuts the light into "short" and "long" periods, and this is said now to work very well.

matriculated at Edinburgh University. For ten or a dozen years he had been prominently identified with life in South Africa. He had travelled extensively, not only in South Africa, but in Spain, Morocco, Turkey, and other countries. He was an ardent and accomplished naturalist, and was considered to be one of the first ornithologists of the day. He had a splendid collection of birds of prey. With Mr. W. L. Sclater, M.A., F.Z.S., the Director of the South African Museum, Cape Town (son of Mr. P. L. Sclater, of the Priory, Oldham), he was associated in the authorship of a series of volumes now in the Press dealing with the fauna of Africa south of the Zambesi. Mr. Sclater was responsible for the chapters on mammals and Mr. Stark for those on birds. In September last they returned to South Africa, Mr. Stark proceeding to Durban. Whilst at Durban war was declared. Dr. Stark thereupon volunteered for service in helping the wounded, and, being accepted, he was placed in charge of an ambulance. He left Durban for Ladysmith with the last batch of officers who succeeded in entering that town. Dr. Stark was well acquainted with the country in the vicinity of Ladysmith, and was well known to many of the residents, especially to the Dutch, who will be most sorry to hear of his tragic fate, for he was always very friendly towards them. In his last letter home he gave an interesting picture of the battle at Nicholson's Nek, which he watched from among the stones on a low hill under the Dutch position. Our portrait is by Cox and Durrant, Torquay.



Men of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers are here represented embarking on the armoured train at Estcourt to make a trip of investigation towards Ladysmith. The train is the one that was thrown off the line and attacked by the Boers on November 15, when several of our men and gallant Mr. Winston Churchill were taken prisoners. Our illustration is from a photograph by H. W. Nicholls

STARTING FOR A RECONNAISSANCE AT ESTCOURT



At the battle of Elands Laagte Trumpeter Shurlock greatly distinguished himself and killed three Boers. On the morning of his departure for South Africa he took the bread he had left at breakfast and gave it to his horse, which he had to his great grief to leave behind.

COMRADES: TRUMPETER SHURLOCK, OF THE 5TH LANCERS, AND HIS HORSE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON





DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT A. C. GIRDWOOD

A CORPORAL'S PICKET OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS ON THE KOPJE AT DE AAR JUNCTION  
WITH LORD METHUEN'S DIVISION: THE "FIGHTING FIFTH" AT WORK



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT

WAR'S HEAVY RECKONING: THE AMBULANCE RETURNING TO LADYSMITH CAMP AFTER THE FIGHT ON OCTOBER 31



THE LATE SIR CHARLES MITCHELL  
Governor of the Straits Settlements



MR. R. E. DICKINSON  
New M.P. for Somerset (Wells)



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE W. O'BRIEN  
Of the Irish Bench



THE LATE LORD PENZANCE  
Formerly Judge of the Court of Arches

### Our Portraits

MR. R. E. DICKINSON, Conservative, who has just taken his seat in Parliament unopposed for the Wells Division of Somerset, rendered vacant by the accession of the Hon. G. Hylton Jolliffe to the peerage on the death of his father, Lord Hylton, is the eldest son of Mr. Edmund Henry Dickinson, of Berkeley House, Frome, Somerset, and Chapmanslade, Wiltshire. Mr. Dickinson was born in 1862, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a director of Stuckey's Banking Company, and manager of the Bath branch; also a director of the National Provident Institution, of Gracechurch Street. He is a magistrate for Somerset, and has held a commission in the North Somerset Yeomanry since 1883. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

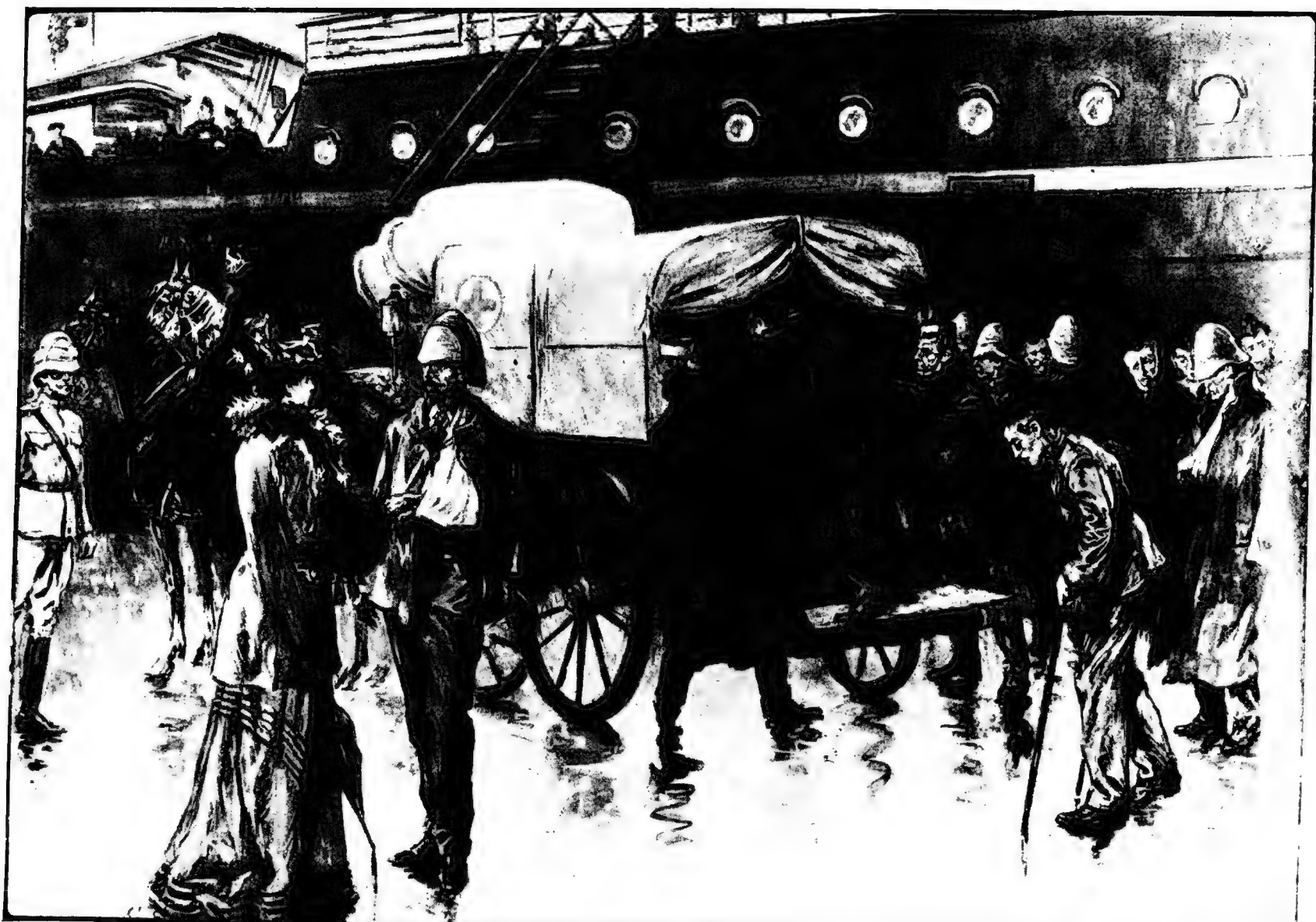
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Bullen Hugh Mitchell, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, whose death has been announced from Singapore, was the eldest son of the late Colonel Hugh Mitchell, and was born in 1836. He was educated at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, and the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. He was appointed second lieutenant in the Royal Marines in 1852, and he served in the Baltic throughout the Russian War of 1854-56. From 1868 to 1877 Sir Charles was Colonial Secretary of British Honduras, and between the years 1877 and 1886 he held the corresponding portfolio in Natal. He acted

as Governor of Natal from 1880 to 1882, and was Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner and Consul-General for the Western Pacific between the years 1886 and 1887, holding subsequently the Governorships of the Leeward Islands and Natal and Zululand. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Right Hon. William O'Brien was one of the most eloquent members of the Irish Judicial Bench. He was educated at Middleton School, and in his early days was connected with the Cork Press, being on the staff of the *Cork Examiner*. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1855. His industry and ability won him a considerable practice, and in 1872 he became a Q.C. At the General Election of 1880 he came forward as a Home Ruler, but was defeated. He was Crown Prosecutor for Dublin until 1882, when he was appointed a judge in the Common Pleas Division. The following year he was transferred to the Queen's Bench Division. As a judge his reputation for firmness and impartiality was exceedingly high, while his attitude at the trial of the Phoenix Park murderers was sufficient proof of his fortitude. Mr. Justice O'Brien was a great book fancier, an art critic of no mean reputation, while his treasures of porcelain-ware are regarded as the most valuable in Ireland. His somewhat brusque manners concealed a kindly, tender, and sympathetic disposition. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

The Right Hon. James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance, was in his eighty-fourth year, having been born in London on July 12,

1816. He was the fourth son of the late Mr. Edw. Archer Wilde, solicitor, of College Hill, and nephew of the late Lord Truro. Educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, he was destined, like so many solicitors' sons, for the bar, and was called at the Inner Temple in 1839. Mr. Wilde was not slow in rising to eminence in his calling, and took silk in 1855. A liberal in politics, he twice made unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament, in 1852 at Leicester, and in 1857 at Peterborough. In 1860 he was made a Baron of the Exchequer and knighted. Three years later he succeeded Sir Creswell Creswell as Judge of Probate and Divorce. In 1864 he was sworn of the Privy Council, and in 1866 raised to the peerage as Baron Penzance, of Penzance, in the county of Cornwall. From that date he sat as a member of the Final Court of Appeal in the House of Lords. In 1873 he resigned Probate and Divorce judgeship on account of failing health, but in June, 1875, he was entrusted with the lighter work of Judge of the Arches Court, and of the Provisional Courts of Canterbury and York. He retired in March of this year. As counsel and on the Bench alike Lord Penzance made his mark, and, in addition, he rendered several important services upon various Commissions. He was a member of the Commission on the Marriage Laws, of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, of the Commission which investigated the claims of certain officers when Purchase in the Army was abolished, and of the Judicature Commission. Lord Penzance married Lady Mary Bouverie, daughter of the third Earl of Radnor, but leaves no issue. The peerage, therefore, dies with him. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



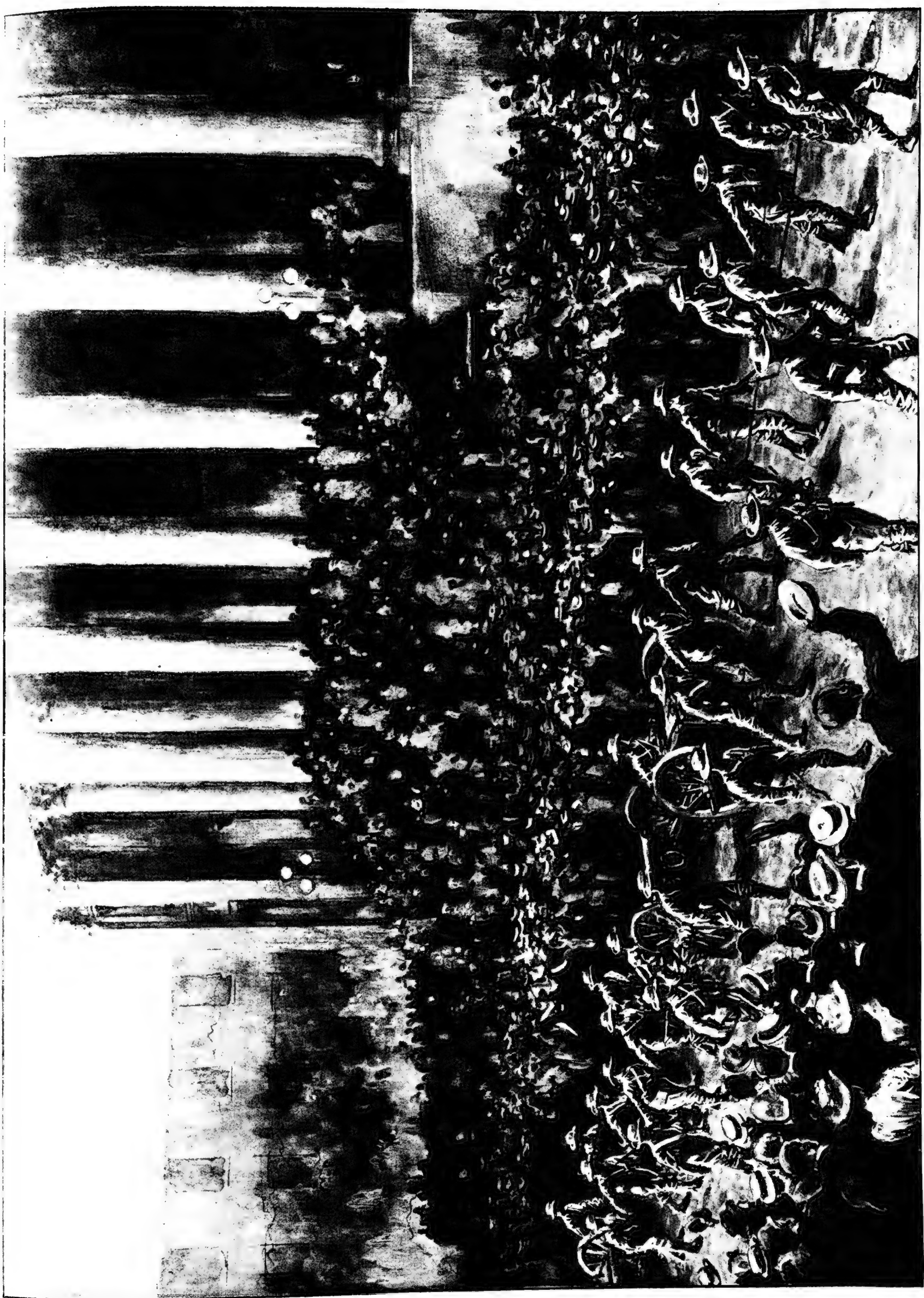
Last week the P. and O. steamer *Sumatra* arrived at the Royal Albert Docks, bringing two wounded officers and 126 invalided soldiers and sailors from South Africa, forty-five women and sixty-eight children.

The two officers were Captain Forbes, of the Imperial Light Horse, and Lieutenant Manley of the Battery R.F.A., both of whom were severely wounded at Elands Laagte.

BACK FROM THE WAR: THE FIRST ARRIVAL OF INVALIDS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

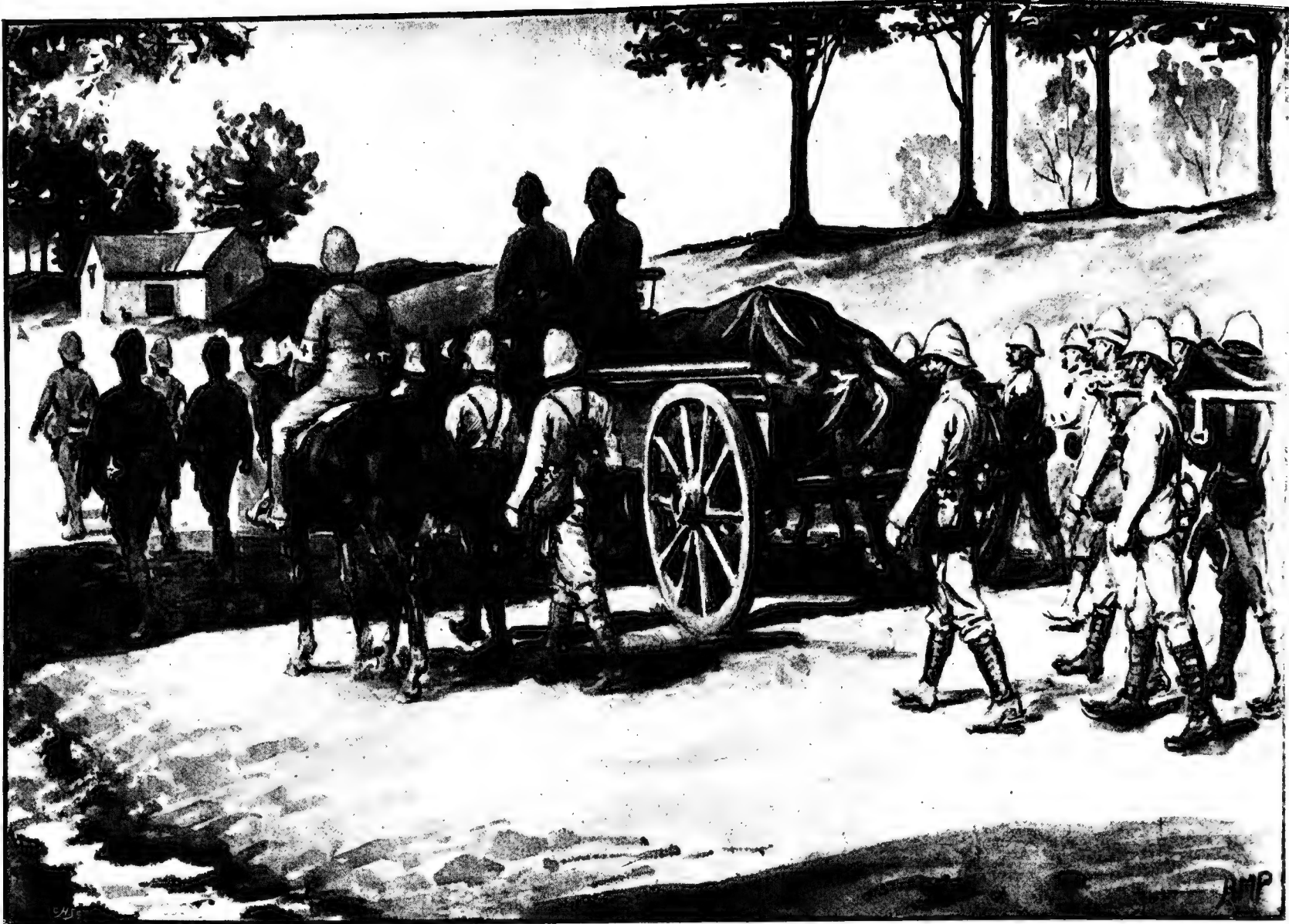




FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A great crowd assembled at the Town Hall, Durban, to watch the bluejackets drag the guns that had been landed from H.M.S. *Terrible* and *Powerful*, through the streets to the Baza, where the guns were properly fitted up for transport  
MORE NAVAL GUNS FOR THE FRONT: THE CROWD CHEERING BLUEJACKETS IN DURBAN

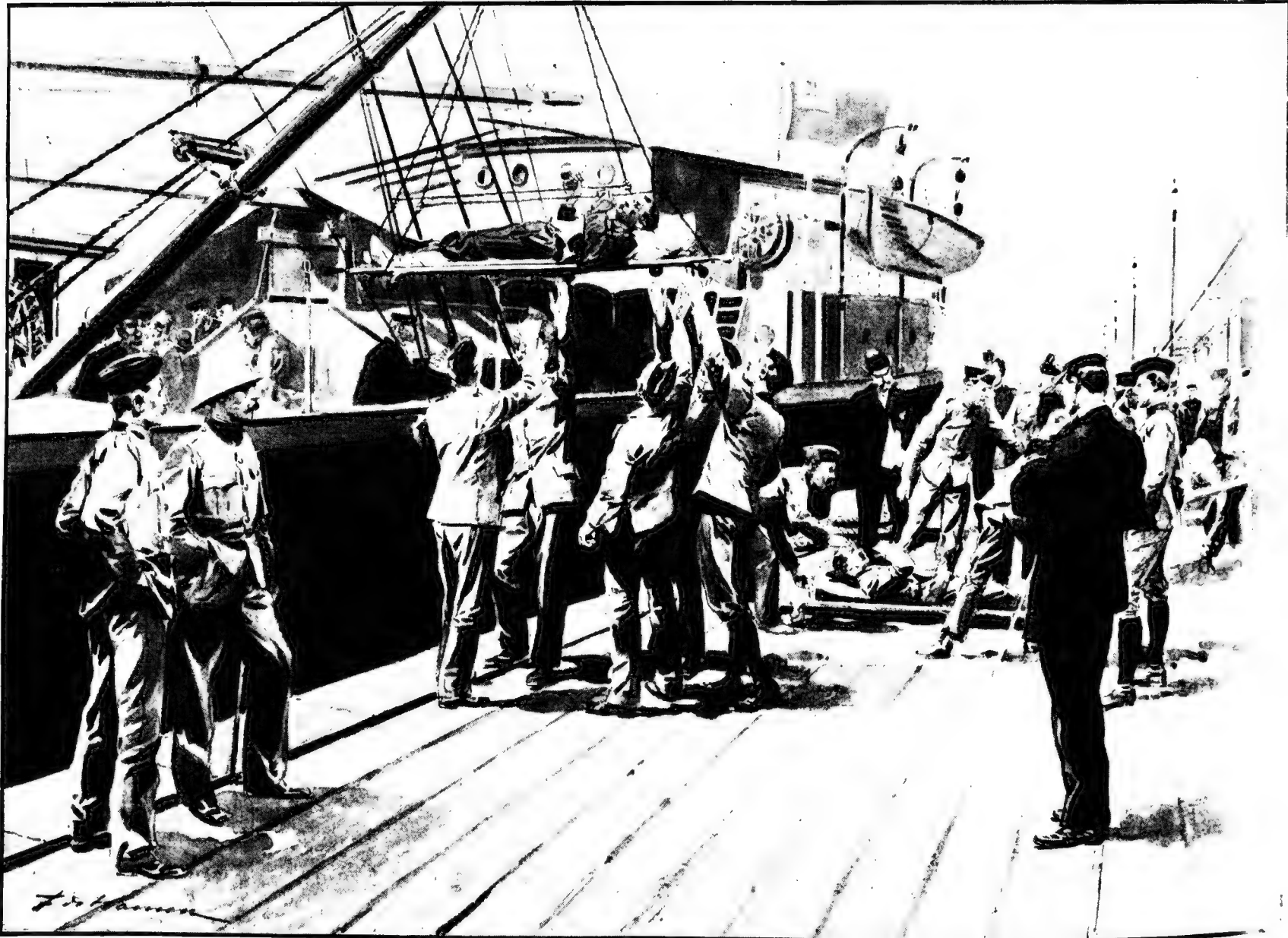
DRAWN BY J. NASIR, N.Y.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT

Men of the King's Royal Rifles bringing in their dead after the fight on October 31  
in beleaguered Ladysmith: the price of victory



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BRUTON, CAPE TOWN

The camp at Wynberg has been transformed into a military hospital. The wounded are sent down from the front to Durban and shipped to Cape Town, whence they are taken in ambulance wagons to the hospital.

Bad cases are slung on shore, as shown in our illustration, and thus the patients are saved a great deal of painful jolting which is almost inevitable in their removal.

ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED AT CAPE TOWN: LANDING A BAD CASE FROM THE S.S. "SUMATRA"



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FOR CONVALESCENT & CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

FOUNDED 1875.

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This Home, "especially constructed for the purpose," is situated in the most healthy part of Brighton, bordering on the Downs, with full southern aspect facing the sea.

Girls are received from three to twelve years of age, boys from three to six, but it is hoped arrangements may be eventually made to admit boys up to twelve years of age.

Patients are admitted by Subscribers' "Letters" free, or on payment of 9s. weekly.

Donations and Subscriptions may be paid to the account of St. John's Convalescent Home at Lloyd's Bank, 64 St. James's Street, S.W.; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., North Street, Brighton; or to Miss Borradaile, at the Home, who will gladly supply further information.

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## "Place aux Fames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THIS will be a sad Christmas to many. The mourners and the anxious waiters for news alike feel unable to rejoice, and in few homes will there be any real gaiety at Yuletide. There is not a family that is not touched to the heart's core; trade is more or less



COAT

Of beaver-brown box-cloth, with many stitchings

at a standstill. The shops are suffering, people do not care to buy pretty clothes or elegant trifles of luxury when their hearts are aching sorely, and fit to break. This winter, therefore, festivities must be solely devoted to the children, who are still careless and happy. For them Christmas has a real and definite meaning. It is a time of toys and treats, of games and good things, of plays and pantomimes. The shop windows are bounteously bespread with all kinds of enticing articles for children, but if children are real children, and not little artificial men and women, their tastes will still turn to the old, old favourites. Mechanical toys amuse their elders, but the child will always prefer a battered doll, a wooden horse, and a much-bethumbed picture-book. In reality, the child with the fewest toys is the happiest, for he learns to love them dearly, and to treat them as old and valued friends. A child is more constant than its parents, and has not yet learned to price a thing's value by its novelty.

An excellent way of judging a child's character is by its behaviour at a party or at the play. One child is born gregarious, and greets its fellow-children with clamorous joy and generous scattering of sweetmeats; another runs to the corner and silently contemplates its playthings; a third has never learned to play without the aid of mother or nurse, and this one is the most to be pitied; while the fourth spins stories and dramas out of its little brain, and lives in a world of phantasy of its own. It is surprising how many great men have had misunderstood childhoods, and been voted dull and stupid by the grown-ups. The modern child is in danger of becoming automatic and self-conscious, so much is done for its amusement. Children's books are delightful now, well written, well illustrated, beautifully bound, but I doubt if any of these splendid volumes ever displace in their affections the old and hackneyed "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," and "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Lady Frederick Cavendish writes delightfully in a contemporary on the proper training in housewifery, that much neglected science which makes for domestic happiness. In Germany, for instance, training in such subjects is regarded as part of a woman's education. It is believed that in this way girls "lay in a stock of domestic experience at a cheaper rate, and with less risk to temper or home comfort, than can be procured by future practice on husbands." Convinced of this, English ladies, perhaps actuated by the long-suffering men on whom their experiments have been practised, are now developing a scheme, under the auspices of the Yorkshire Ladies' Council at Leeds, which sounds very promising. The school of cookery, established twenty-five years ago, has blossomed into a technical college. It includes special courses for cookery, laundry work, housekeeping, needlework, dressmaking, and in fact every branch of domestic business. It is now proposed to furnish and maintain a house which will combine a training college for ladies and a school of domestic science for working girls. Even if ladies do not require actually to work with their own hands, they realise the immense importance of knowledge, in supervision, management, and the ordering of large establishments where method is absolutely essential. If the Leeds House of Residence succeeds, as no doubt it will, the real benefit to women, who can be trained there at a moderate cost, must be permanent and invaluable.

New professions for women are being always eagerly sought after,

and one of the latest and most practical is the confectioning of dainties and sweetmeats and little savoury additions to afternoon tea. A lady I know of makes a speciality of these things—all kinds of cakes, nougats, bonbons, and goodies of every kind which she confectiones with her own hands and sells at a moderate price. At Christmas, for instance, such little dainties are specially acceptable. It seems a delightful profession for a woman of moderate income, and as her clientèle is quite a private one, she is spared all the unpleasant publicity or *réclame*.



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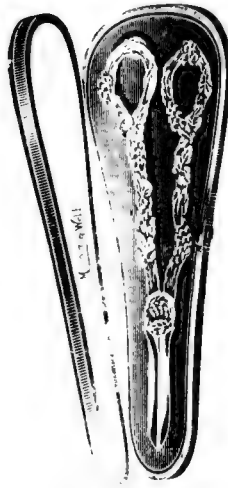
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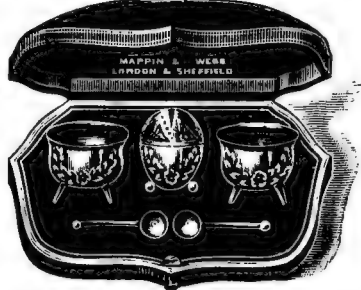
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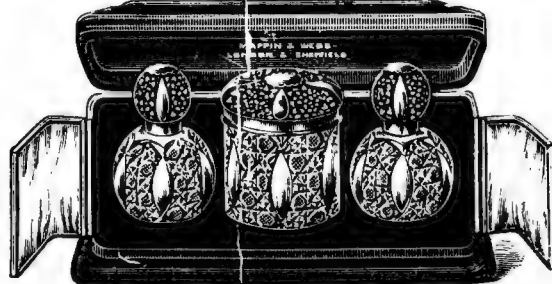
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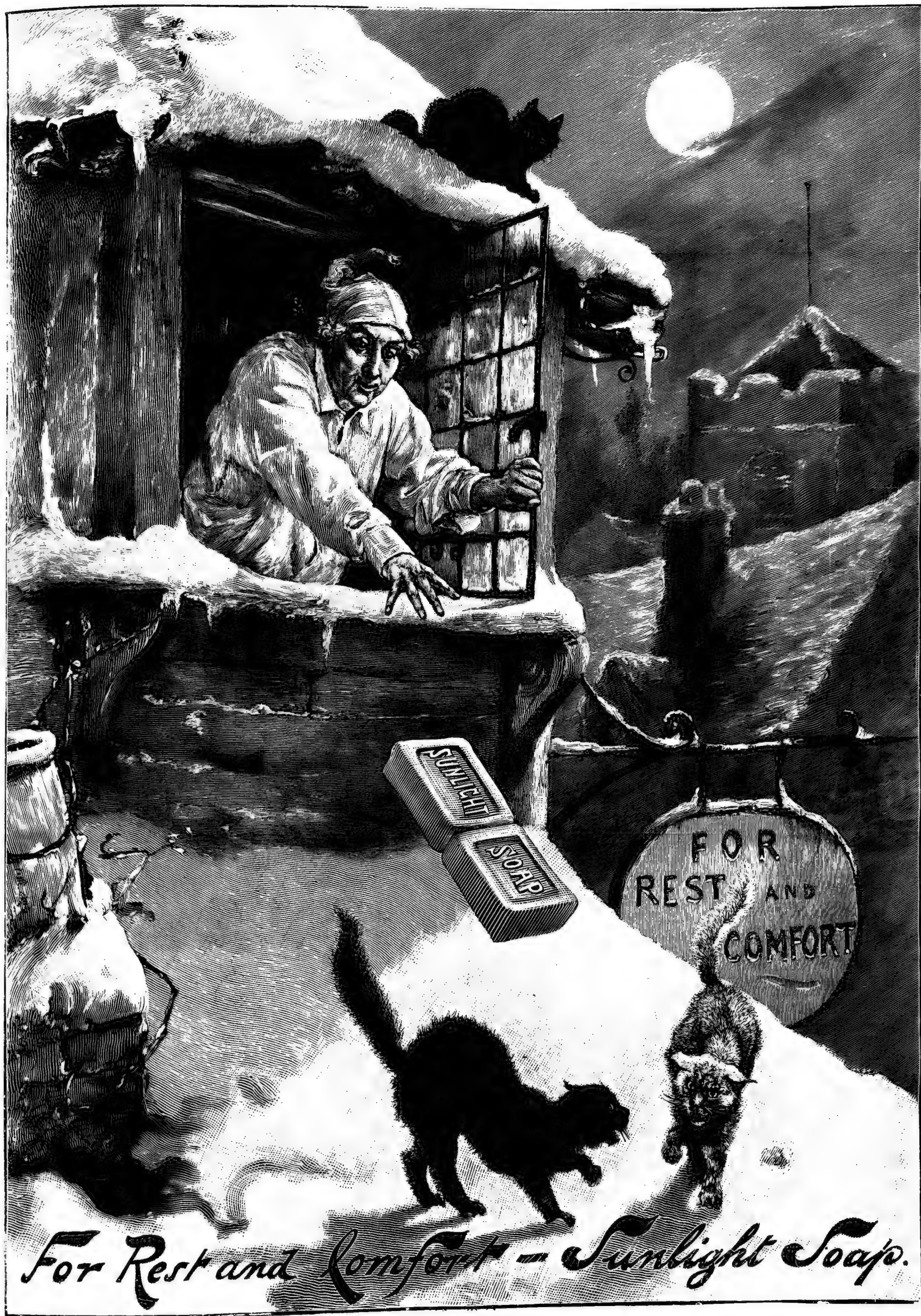
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PEG WOFFINGTON MIMICS COLLEY CIBBER IN THE GREEN ROOM AT COVENT GARDEN

From "Peg Woffington." By Charles Reade. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (George Allen)

## Our Christmas Bookshelf

### "PEG WOFFINGTON"

CHARLES READE'S "Peg Woffington" was his first printed essay in fiction. It was written soon after the play *Masks and Faces*, and was the outcome of that work, inasmuch as, in order to write the play, the author had unearthed a quantity of material useless for dramatic purposes, but admirable in as far as it helped to produce a living picture of the fascinating actress with whom Reade more than once asserted he had fallen in love. This new edition, charmingly illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, is uniform with half a dozen reprints of books by Jane Austen and others, for which Mr. George Allen is responsible, and it is without doubt one of the prettiest gift books of the season. The story deals with a period which Mr. Thomson knows through and through,

and the illustrations are quite among his happiest. With regard to the book itself, its author may have written better novels later, as witness that splendid tragedy, "The Cloister and the Hearth," but of the women he drew in all those many stories which it is the fashion now to neglect, "none ever excelled his vivid but idealised portrait of the witty, wayward, and warm-hearted Margaret Woffington." The neglect of Charles Reade in these days, when authors with half his ability are continually being reprinted, is a difficult thing to understand—it is true that there was a fine reprint of his masterpiece in 1893—but possibly this charming reprint may help to bring about a revival.

### A GARDEN OF GIRLS

Not all the adventures are reserved for the boys. Two pleasing novelettes show how girls had to pass through many perils and bear themselves as bravely as their brothers. The girls of "The King's Signet" (Blackie) were French Huguenots, driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and very graphically does Miss Eliza Pollard depict their heroism. Miss Mary Debenham's heroines of "Sowing and Harvesting" (National Society) are English, but they are concerned with the horrors of the French Reign of Terror, and well keep up the national credit for pluck. Then comes the wild Irish girl of "Light o' the Morning" (Chambers), delightfully sketched in her reckless tumbledown domestic surroundings by Mrs. L. T. Meade. Her courage runs in a different groove, but saves her family from ruin all the same. No less charming is the self-sacrificing damsel of "A Good-hearted Girl" (Chambers), by the late Mrs. Emma Marshall—the upright daughter of a swindling father who does her utmost to repair his mischief. Any of these stories are wholesome reading and interesting to boot.

### HEROIC DEEDS

The tide of patriotic feeling runs so high just now that records of British gallantry are safe to find eager readers. Such, for example, as the two volumes of "Peril and Patriotism" (Cassell)—a brilliant chronicle of national heroism in many fields—in war, at sea, on the railway, amid the flames, on mountains, among the ice, or down the mine. Simple and curt are the sketches by various authors, but all the more telling for their plainness, while they are thoroughly up to date in dealing even with events of the past year. Mr. Alfred Miles, in another of his capital collections, "Fifty-two Stories of Heroism for Boys" (Hutchinson), also goes with the times, though most of his lively narratives are pure fiction. The remaining boys' books all hail from the world of imagination. Dr. Gordon Stables is respon-

sible for a rousing pair, whether the mixture of love, making, and savages in "Annie o' the Banks of Dee" (White), or the adventure in the South Sea Islands, "Kidnapped by Cannibals" (Blackie), which proves as thrilling as its title promises. Plenty of excitement may be found too in "The Twin Castaways" (National Society). E. Harcourt Burrage has a brisk tale to tell of desperadoes in Cayenne. Mr. Edward Ellis has made Redskin romance more his own, so that his admirers will not be disappointed in three tales of Indian warfare and cunning, "In Red Indian Territory," "Crowning a King," and "Two Boys in Wyoming" (Chambers).



## DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

This illustration comes from a book published by the Loderhall Press, which is sufficiently explained by its title "Fifty Hitherto Unpublished Sketches by Phil May." All admirers of Mr. May's work will be glad to welcome his excellent amusing work in this cheap form, for the book is only a shilling.

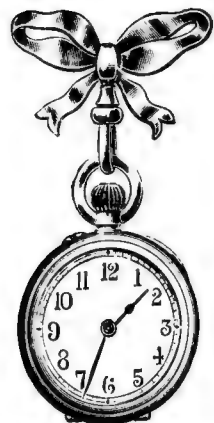
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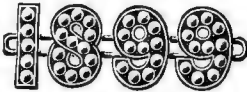


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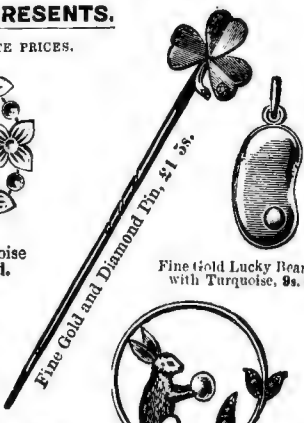


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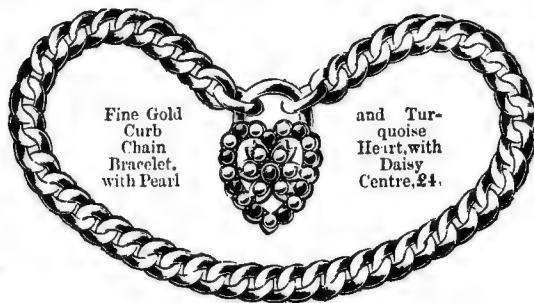
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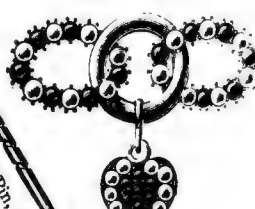
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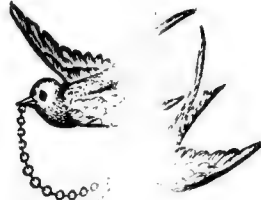
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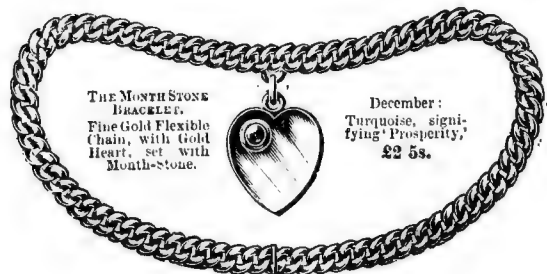


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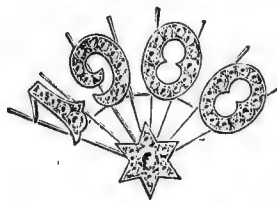


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No. 23.

## New Novels

## "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"

OPINION has been divided as to the conduct of the damsel, immortalised by Schiller, who threw her glove into the middle of a menagerie as a test of the sincerity of her lover's chivalry. The same question arises as to the course taken by Mr. A. E. W. Mason's heroine ("Miranda of the Balcony"; Macmillan and Co.) in risking the career and the life of a gallant young engineer by sending him into the wilds of Northern Africa to discover and rescue a lost husband whom she detested and who was in no case worth the finding. A glove plays a prominent part in this story also; so possibly Mr. Mason may have premeditated an adaptation of the old tale to new manners. Unlike the knight of the poem, however, the young engineer not only willingly devotes his life to the imposed service, without even dreaming of requital, but actually succeeds in his apparently impracticable labour and brings the blackguard of a husband home. Of course matters do not end there—how they do end the reader will do well to learn for himself. He will not care much for anybody concerned, and for Miranda possibly the least of all. But if he be in the least of an adventurous

turn, the hero's wanderings in the *Hinterland of Morocco* will give him an exceedingly good time.

## "ACTIVE SERVICE"

Mr. Stephen Crane, in his "Active Service" (William Heinemann) turns to account a more actual experience of war than had been at his command when he made his *début* as a military novelist. How the modern representatives of the men of Thermopylæ in their latest fight with the Turks struck an intelligent observer with some sense of humour, is naturally interesting—much more so than the exploit of the fatuous cad who plays the part of hero in finding and helping a party of Americans who had gone astray. That the girl he loved was of the party provides the adventure with its romantic element; and the imbecile jargon of eight college "students," who surely cannot stand for anything human in or out of America, supply the comedy. No doubt Mr. Crane is a bit of a cynic; but only a Swift—if even a Swift—is privileged to portray a Yahoo. It is for its lively pictures of Greece and Greeks at war that the book is of value; and its value would have been doubled had all the rest of the business, and especially the love business, been omitted altogether. Mr. Crane can make his readers feel the whiz of a bullet, and that is well for non-combatants to realise in these days.

## "CHARMING MISS KYRLE"

"His features were sublimed with ecstasy in its acme of ecstatic calm." There is far too much of this sort of thing in John Sandeman's "Charming Miss Kyrle" (John Long). But, while surpassing her "Wicked Rosamond"—a really notable piece of work in its way—in gorgeousness of language, in vigour of plot, the earlier novel still leaves the latter far behind. As for the authoress's *forte* to lie in she-villains, Miss Mollie Weston, who falsely accuses charming Miss Kyrle of epilepsy, has herself away much too easily, is converted into an angel with much celerity, and finally engages herself to a casual acquaintance in a humdrum fashion as if she had never set herself, *per se*, *nefas*, by fair means or foul, to capture beauty, wealth, or embodied in a peer of the realm. Far less conventional is Kyrle herself, whose first thought, after Lord Hareham's passionate proposal has given her her heart's desire, is "if you were a vegetarian! . . . At least, you don't eat bacon or anything kindred to it for years," he responds with seriousness—"I certainly think that a relish for such food is a somewhat debased or coarse organism." Such kindness should argue a happy marriage even beyond the dialogue of the Earth and the Moon with which the story ends.

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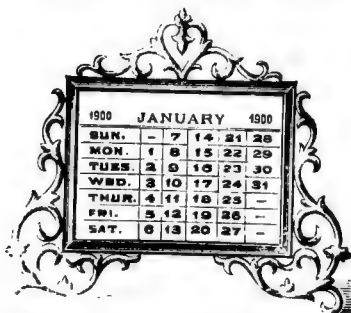
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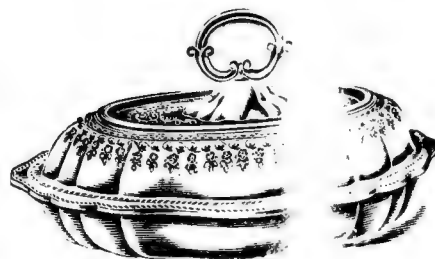


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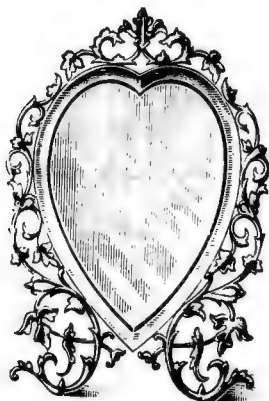
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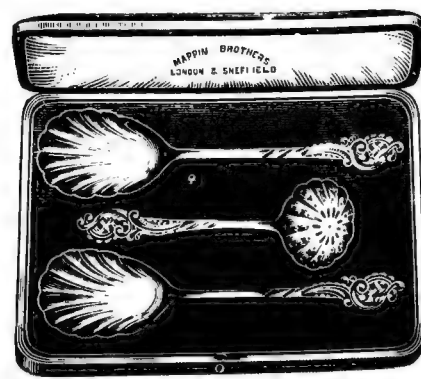
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Club Comments

By "NARMADUKE"

It has been said that "the way to do right is to do wrong." History repeats that continually as regards Great Britain, for almost all our wars have begun badly but have ended otherwise. The war which now occupies our attention is apparently following the usual course. Madame de Stael, describing Talleyrand, said:—"Our good Maurice resembles the toy-men, whose heads are of cork, and their legs of lead; throw them how you will, they always fall upon their feet." That witty description may be applied to Great Britain; whatever misfortunes attend us, eventually we "fall upon" our "feet."

When we abandoned the purchase system in the Army, German

military critics predicted that misfortune would overtake us. They went so far as to describe Great Britain with its carefully educated officers as the "Chinese of the West." Competition was also resisted by many able military men at home, who declared that "book-worm" generals were not in keeping with the national character. This war is really the first opportunity which has presented itself of deciding the merits of the dispute, for it is the first "white-man war" in which we have been engaged since the competitive system has been introduced. It will be curious to watch what effect the change has had.

Many landlords who have large estates in Ireland are shaking their heads, and are predicting that trouble is impending in that country. It is difficult to perceive from which direction that trouble is coming, but those who possess great territorial interests there have naturally a keen nose in such matters. It is not at all unlikely

that disaffected Irishmen and agitators will seize the opportunity presented by England being at war with the Transvaal to rekindle the smouldering campaign.

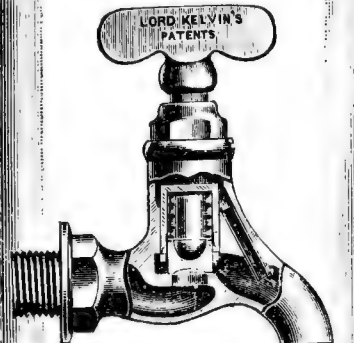
The New Year's Honours List is being revised, but there is yet time to suggest a few names which should be on it. Lord Sir Francis Wingate will receive some additional distinction as reward for having completed the re-conquest of the Sudan. His dash on the Khalifa and his re-assembled followers was excellent in conception and in execution, and met with great success. It should not be overlooked that this dash was the climax of operations which Sir Francis had developed for many years. "A man with a gun is not a soldier," Sir Francis made his natives into soldiers, and at last with their aid annihilated the enemy.

# L-E-M-C-O.

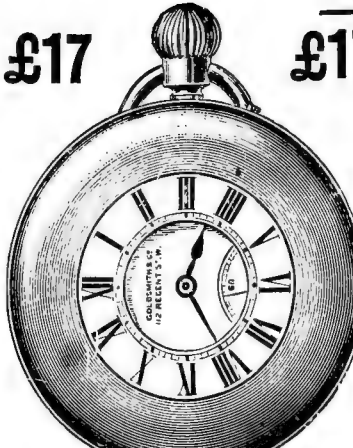
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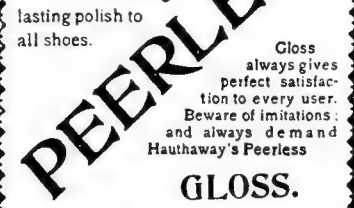
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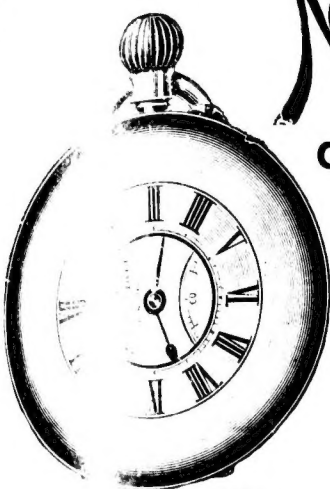
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE country will now benefit greatly by a month's rest. It is not desirable that late corn should be sown until the second month of a new year brings February sowings of barley, and if threshings of grain could also be kept down the markets would right themselves naturally by the weekly demand carrying off the present plethora of offerings. The worst side of the matter is the position of the farm labourer, who is an improvident person for the most part, and in the time of harvest earnings is apt to develop a thirst which, however gratifying to the local publican, is destructive to hopes of a balance at the savings bank. Yearly hirings would be the best for the farmer and for his men too, but the roving disposition of the Englishman is against it, and the average farm labourer likes to bind himself as little as possible. The position in reality is in

his favour. He spends his summer surplus on his own enjoyment, while his winter dearth is supplied for him out of the taxes. The English law is an ingenious engine for the rebuke of Darwinism, a truly elaborate contrivance for the survival of the unfittest. The number of men who have come upon the parish during the past few weeks is very serious, and if we have a severe winter a general rise in country poor rates can hardly be escaped.

SOME FARM PRICES

Wheat, barley, and oats are all at very low prices, and the farmers of the cereal counties are a good deal discouraged. That pastoral districts are doing better, with mutton at a fair price and wool dearer for all kinds, is in a way a set off, but we are reminded of the agriculturist who, hearing the prayer for dry weather, remarked, "But what about my turnips?" In Kent the fine hop crop is being sold at very low prices, but this is largely the farmers' own fault. No poor man can afford to grow hops at all, and the eagerness to realise after a good yield is a form of policy which brings about its

own rebuke. Potatoes are in good request; the price, without being high, is enough to make the growing fairly profitable. Grains at the vegetable markets are in good supply for the time being.

THE GRAIN CROP OF THE YEAR

The Minister of Agriculture has favoured us with his estimate of British grain production, his figures being from England, Wales, and Scotland. We regret that no particulars of yield for Ireland are obtainable with respect to Ireland. The English farmer has grown more barley and more oats to the acre than either the Scotch or Welshman, but the Scot, though growing very little wheat, produces per acre more than either of his competitors. The average yield of wheat in Britain is materially reduced by the poor agriculture of Wales. The climate there is not favourable to wheat-growing, and the only reason for a yield of only 34.18 bushels against 41.18 in England.

# Cuticura

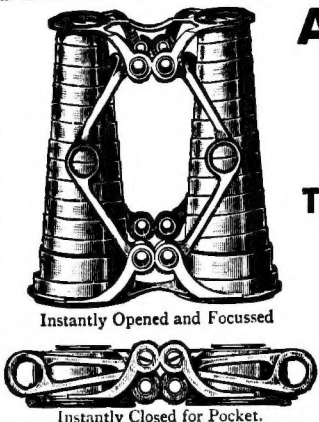
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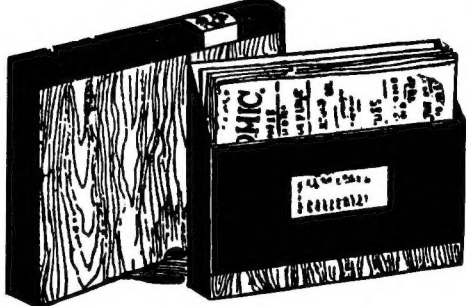
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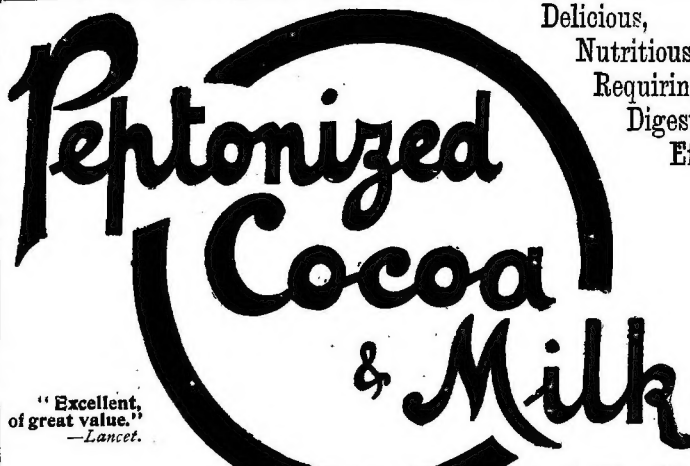
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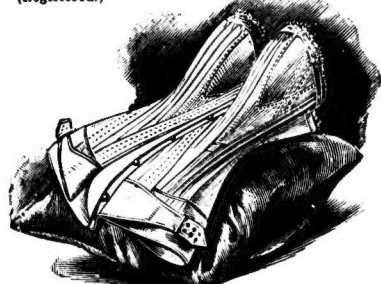
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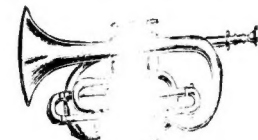
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